

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

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LEAVES FROM THE CHRONICLES.

No. I.

THE BEAU-KNIGHT.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

"Now," qu' ye stallwart knyghte, "bee thys ryghte hande,
I'lle wyne fayre favour with my brande!
Whiles Godfrey, hys stout vaunted myghte,
Sal yeeld full sune to my gode ryghte."—*Ancient Ballad.*

It was a rich, mellow day in the autumn of 1350, that Sir Walter Burgh, (a beau-knight in the gallant train of the renowned Prince Edward, surnamed the Black,) accompanied by his sworn friend, Sir Guy de la Maine, entered a beautiful and romantic vale in the fair county of Norfolk, in whose ample and luxuriant lap reposed the neat, unostentatious dwelling of Robert Vennill, a substantial yeoman, and a good soldier, who usually retired here, in the short intervals of peace, to the enjoyment of his greatest felicity—the society of an only and beloved daughter, who was more especially, in his absence, under the sole guidance and guardianship of his maiden sister, Joan.

At this particular juncture Robert had been from home several days, and the affectionate Gertrude, daily expecting his return, had been upon the look-out upon the public road, when the gay Sir Walter Burgh observed her sylph-like form winding down a bye-path on the opposite side of the valley.

"By Venus' eyebrow, Sir Guy!" exclaimed he, "I do espy Euphrosyne, or one other of the fair trio, threading yon thicket with the lightsome trip of a fawn! May I lose my spurs, De la Maine, if I do not give her chase! so Love speed me!" and away he darted, followed by his comrade, laughing

heartily at his high-flown rhapsody upon "a freckled peasant, with yellow crockets,"* as he unjustly termed Gertrude; for Sir Guy was too thorough-paced a courtier, to believe there could possibly exist any beauty worthy a gentleman's admiration without the pale of nobility.

The hair-brained Sir Walter thought otherwise, although he never considered it worth his invaluable time to labour in the conviction of his friend, merely for the ungrateful satisfaction of often finding him a competitor in the chase of beauty. There was not, perhaps, a braver or more gallant knight in the prince's army than Sir Walter Burgh, notwithstanding the foppish particularity which he observed in the adjustment of his attire, and the choice phraseology of his speech. With the fair sex he believed himself irresistible, addressing himself to them with that easy confidence which is the natural result of many conquests. Nature, however, had been very lavish of her personal favours, and he was universally accounted one of the handsomest and best-bred men of his time. Such a finished lover felt no hesitation in introducing himself to the blushing Gertrude; and if her figure had at first won his attention, the sweetness of her innocent speech, and the rare simplicity of her beauty, at once fixed

* Locks.

him her ardent admirer. But it is in no way pertinent to this our short history to enter into all the detail of the glances, sighs, and vows, which were exchanged on this and subsequent interviews. In short, Sir Walter really loved her, and how could so kind and generous a maid as Gertrude be unmoved by his lively anguish, or incredulous of the sincerity of the knight's protestations?

She never dreamed of lover's perjuries, or, for a moment, reflected on inequality of birth: she only loved; and, alas! in the truth of her own affection, trusted too implicitly to that honour which she, poor girl! shortly found to be of very little consideration in Sir Walter's mind. Earnestly did she beseech him to do her immediate justice, and rescue her from infamy and wretchedness; but he only replied to her fears by a reiteration of the vows he had made, and framed a thousand excuses for delay; then, pretending an urgent call of duty, tore himself from the weeping Gertrude with the evasive promise of a speedy return.

Some months after this unhappy occurrence the English forces were led into the field to repel an incursion of the Scots. The Black Prince was there, and every English heart felt secure of victory under the guidance of this brave and experienced youth.

Sir Walter Burgh, and the courteous Sir Guy de la Main, too, appeared among the rays of valour that seemed to emanate from, and form the dazzling glory of, their princely chief. But there was a visible alteration in Burgh's whole demeanour, and (what he would, in the hey-day of his foppery, have termed) a "melancholy neglect" in his attire.

Vainly did he exert himself to banish the fond, confiding Gertrude from his mind. He had fled from her, but her image still haunted him in his troubled dreams and waking reveries. This anxiety for her fate evinced that he really loved her, although the false, aristocratic pride of his heart became alarmed at the entertainment of so tender and derogatory a sentiment for one so much his inferior in rank. But

when alone and unseen, he would, in the real and unmasked feelings of his heart, fondly recal to mind the beauty, the tenderness, and the innocent confidence of his Gertrude—yes, *his* Gertrude—for he was perfectly assured she was all in all his own, won to his arms by the ardent declaration of the sincerest affection, and the most sacred promises of eternal fidelity, truth, and honour.

Fruitless were his endeavours to laugh away the qualms of conscience which unceasingly tormented him; all the immoral maxims of libertinism failed to silence them; and, in the midst of the gayest camp in the world, he became melancholy and abstracted; and yet the stubborn pride of rank and birth stood, an insurmountable barrier, in the way of his happiness, and the just and honourable fulfilment of his plighted word: he forgot that the true nobility of man consists in the strict adherence to truth and honesty in every action, and that his present cruel and perfidious conduct would, in effect, deeply and indelibly blot his name; while, on the other hand, the bold pursuit of the path which true honour and justice pointed to, would add a new and proud achievement to his escutcheon. But a worldly education had, unfortunately, warped the natural uprightness of his heart, and he, consequently, remained wavering in doubt, and suffering all the pangs of a reproving conscience.

The English and Scottish forces were already drawn up in threatening array, and the signal for the commencement of the dreadful battle was hourly expected. The prince, however, had, in his policy, determined not to strike a blow till the following day, (unless the Scots advanced to the assault,) in order to give his troops time to renovate their strength, after a long and toilsome march; in the meantime, however, keeping a watchful eye on the movements of the enemy.

About noon they were surprised to behold a single man advancing towards them from the body of the army, and their wonder increased when, upon his nearer approach, they discovered him to be an armed warrior, of the most

gigantic stature, accompanied by a huge black dog. This modern Goliath having arrived within fifty yards of the English lines, drew himself up, and, in a Stentorian voice, defied any single man in the prince's army to combat, and, resting coolly on his unsheathed claymore, he stood, like a statue of Hercules, awaiting a reply.

Five minutes elapsed, and none issued from the ranks of the English to meet the Scottish giant; and a sneering, sarcastic laugh reproved the tardy courage of his foes: still none appeared inclined to cope with so monstrous an opponent; and, in truth, it seemed to all like rushing upon a certain death. The prince and every knight endeavoured, by their eloquence, to urge their stoutest vassals to the contest, but all in vain. Ten minutes were spent, and the challenger laughed aloud in the bitterest scorn; when, from the rear of the army, there strode hastily forth a stalwart yeoman, of about forty years of age, whose well-knit, muscular frame, warlike bearing, and soldierly deportment, proved him to have been nurtured in the lap of war. Casting himself at the feet of the Black Prince, to the wonder and admiration of all, he sued for his royal permission to grapple with the giant.

"Grant thy request, brave man?" said the prince. "Aye, that will I, and right gladly, too; and if thy might but plucketh down yon braggart, by St. George! I will exalt thee even above his greatness! But go—beard him. We have already been too backward in answering his defiance. Go forth; and God speed thee!"

The yeoman immediately drew on his buckler, and unsheathing a ponderous brand, walked firmly towards the giant, who laughed outright, in derision of his intended opponent, (for he was little more than half his height,) and raising his weapon, he flourished it over his head with such a tremendous halloo, that made some of the stoutest hearts quake with apprehension. At the same moment the large dog rushed from behind his master, like a fierce and hungry wolf, towards the yeoman. Unexpected as

was such an attack, he was not to be daunted. Standing on his ground, ere the animal could approach him, he, with the celerity of a bolt from a bow, severed his loins in twain at a single stroke.

"Thus much for the beast! and now will I do as much for the master!" cried the yeoman; and steadily and vigorously assaulting the giant, exhilarated by the shouts and acclamations of his comrades, he soon proved himself a skilful swordsman.

His antagonist, too, abated somewhat of his warmth, and grew more cautious as the fight grew desperate. Every stroke of his sword was met by the guard or buckler of the yeoman, firm and unshaken as a rock, till, while pursuing a favourable advantage, the foot of the latter slipped, and a swinging blow from the giant alighted upon his head; with no other effect, however, than depriving him of his helmet; but this fearful accident was more than counterbalanced by a severe cut from the yeoman's brand, which wounded his formidable adversary, deeply and dangerously, in both thighs. Discouraged now by the pain he endured, and the renewed vigour of his antagonist, courage and strength appeared to flow with the blood of his gaping wounds, and, in a futile endeavour to avoid his impending fate in flight, the valiant yeoman gave him the mortal blow, and he fell to the earth like a tall pine torn by the storm from the mountain's side, amid the loud and reiterated cries of exultation from the English party.

"A worthy of true English mettle, by the rood!" exclaimed the Black Prince, delighted with the favourable and almost unexpected issue of this extraordinary encounter. "A bolder and a braver man have I never seen. What name bearest thou, most valiant sir?" demanded he.

"Robert Vennill, of Norfolk, so please thee, noble prince," replied the champion, bending his knee.

"Arise then," exclaimed the prince, dubbing him—"arise, Sir Robert Vennill! in the name of St. George and the holy St. Michael, I dub thee knight! Be trusty, true, and loyal!"

And all the nobles and knights ap-

plauded the justice of the prince, in bestowing such a distinguished mark of his favour upon so deserving an object.

The new-made knight arose, and, bowing, said, "A favour conferred on an ungrateful man is as a jewel cast into the roaring waters; but in desiring an additional favour to the surpassing great one I have already received from thy princely hand, I trust I shall not incur the odium of discontent."

"Nay, by this right hand!" replied the prince, "all that the brave and honest Sir Robert Vennill shall venture to crave in reason, we will grant with pleasure. Speak, sir; what is the boon?"

Again Sir Robert made a low obeisance, and the blood crimsoned in his honest countenance, as he answered, with mingled energy and agitation, "Heaven hath graciously nerved mine arm, and I have made one monster bite the dust; but there is still another living, greater far than he, with whom I fain would grapple, with my liege lord's license."

"Who, and where is he?" demanded the prince.

"Even in the number of thy adherents. His name, Sir Walter Burgh!"

"Indeed! Sir Walter Burgh? impossible!" exclaimed the amazed prince. "I know him well—a noble and gallant gentleman, by'r lady! Prythee, wherein can he have given thee such grievous offence as to call upon himself this bitter expression of hatred?"

"With shame I speak what is truly *his* shame," said Vennill. "Some months bygone, my liege, during my absence in my country's service, this dishonourable knight found entrance into my peaceful home—was welcomed by my daughter—my only daughter—the joy and pride of my heart—and—but—pardon me, my prince,—the villain has deluded, degraded, and deserted my poor, heart-broken girl—blasted her happiness and mine for ever!" The tears stood in the warrior's eyes, and he could scarcely add—"This is my grievance; summon then, I beseech thee, my liege, this

recreant knight to appear, that my sword may avenge mine and my daughter's wrong!"

Every heart seemed to sympathize with the champion's feelings, and an universal silence prevailed, all being anxious to hear the reply of the Black Prince, who, ever more ready to act than to speak, beckoned to a mounted herald, in order to summon Sir Walter Burgh on the instant, but, ere the mandate issued from his lips, the knight appeared, armed at all points, and followed by his two esquires, bearing his sword and targe.

"Sir Walter Burgh," said the prince, addressing him, "thou hast anticipated our commands."

"And so will it ever be my pride to do," replied Sir Walter Burgh, bowing.

"In accordance, then, with that assertion," rejoined the prince, in a firm and rather reproving tone, "answer this brave knight's defiance, as a bold knight and a true is bound to do."

"Aye, even with my good sword, my liege," quickly answered the proud Sir Walter, his haughty spirit mantling in his handsome brow; at the same time his hasty manner too evidently betrayed the inward workings of his mind.

Sir Robert Vennill gazed upon the destroyer of his daughter's peace with a bitter satisfaction, as he clutched his mighty brand with all the angry eagerness of an injured man: his whole soul seemed filled with the fierce desire of vengeance. And the reply of Sir Walter having effectually frustrated all attempts at reconciliation, or amicable adjustment, the prince took his seat as arbiter of the contest, and the heralds, having marshalled the spectators, and sounded the charge, the glittering blades of the two knights gleamed in the rays of the declining sun.

The conflict, which, from the peculiar circumstance of the quarrel, and the almost equal strength and valour of the combatants, promised to be desperate and of long duration, was, however, speedily terminated, for in a resolute and advantageous assault upon Sir Walter, Sir Robert's sword struck the

defensive targe of his antagonist, and was shattered into a thousand pieces; and in the blindness of his rage he was pressing on so hotly and incautiously, that he would have inevitably fallen on his opponent's sword, had not Sir Walter, with as much skill as generosity, suddenly dropped the point, and received him in his arms.

"St. Ann be praised!" fervently ejaculated Sir Walter; and, proffering his open hand to Vennill, he continued, "Worthy sir, thou, and not I, hast conquered. I drew my sword on thee not in mortal hate, but to vindicate mine honour in the world's esteem. The demands of honour are now, I hope, amply answered; therefore let justice speak. Sir Robert Vennill, here in the presence of our valiant prince, and this noble company, I do confess I have been no less untrue to myself than to thee and thine; but in neither, I trust, beyond repair; and if one so unworthy still be worth thy love, I shall be proud

and happy to espouse the fair daughter of so brave a man!"

"Nobly done!" exclaimed the prince, delighted at the happy issue of this distressing encounter; and the approving plaudits of his brothers-in-arms gave the knight no less pleasure than the victory he had gained over his unjust and foolish pride.

The eventful morrow, on which the English army completely routed the Scots, gave a favourable opportunity to Sir Robert Vennill, and his betrothed son-in-law, to display their courage, and so emulously did they exert themselves, that, on their victorious return, they received new honours from their sovereign, who, on hearing the history of the two knights from his royal son, was so pleased with the valour of Vennill, and the magnanimity of Sir Walter, that he deigned to honour the nuptials of the happy Gertrude and her lover with his presence.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED BY MR. LINTON'S SKETCHES IN ITALY, DRAWN ON STONE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

(Concluded from page 21.)

COMEST thou again, fair vision? welcome, then,
As June's most brilliant gift. What bringest thou?
Rome in decay, and Florence in the pride
Of full maturity—more fair, perchance,
Than the world's mistress, yet less dear
As memory's idol. Tivoli is here,
Deathless in beauty, amid ruin gay,
And smiling in the charms that Nature gives
Despite the thefts of time. The poet's sigh
Here mourns Mæcenas in his mouldering fanc,
Or, from the unwatch'd temple's rocky site,
Looks, shuddering, down. Oh! land sublime!
Endearing country! if in fragile age
Such is thy influence, what must it have been
When the proud manhood of thy empire spread
Around the astonish'd earth in its full pomp
Of grandeur—triumph—wealth?
Lo! here is Venice! City of the waves,
How strange, and yet how fair, thou risest thus
From the blue deep—the daughter and the queen
Of mighty waters and of lovely isles,
Brilliant as thy own suns! There is no land
So distant, or so powerful, but hath own'd
Thy lofty claims, sustain'd in well-fought fields,

And councils fraught with wisdom, not unstain'd
 By guilty policy ; but now no more
 Is strength, or cunning, thine—" thy leaf is sere,"
 Yet gorgeous in its fall—witness these domes,
 These rippling waves, and palaces that mock
 Their all-corroding power. Venice, farewell ;
 I leave thee but for Naples, where, in youth,
 My fond soul linger'd o'er Vivaldi's* steps,
 Till Naples, in its beauty, and its bane,
 Became to me a witchery—a sweet spell
 Where memory still must linger, and e'en now
 People this ruined tower, and this clear bay,
 With those ideal forms which charmed me then.
 Well might these arches hide Schedoni's frown,
 Or this mild light reveal Rosalba's smile.
 Enough to say—but I must ponder long,
 And gaze in *silence* ; yet my heart no less
 Shall thank thee, Linton—bid thee still " pursue
 Thy glorious task ;" or, in the meeker tone,
 (Which best becomes a pilgrim journeying near
 The point where all things fade,) in kindness say,
 " God speed thee on thy way."

 RYDE.

BY J. S. CLARK, ESQ.

DEAR scenes of my childhood, all-beautiful Ryde,
 Again did I wander thy smooth beach beside,
 That beach where so oft the blue waters have roll'd,
 And play'd round my feet in the bright days of old.
 The copse with wild woodbine and roses o'ergrown,
 How sweetly it tells of the hours that are gone,
 Of friends that, alas ! are now breathless and cold,
 That stray'd through its paths in the bright days of old.
 The ocean-lav'd pier, with its exquisite view,
 The shell-cover'd grot, and the green dover, too ;
 Oh ! dear are the thoughts which those scenes can unfold,
 The thoughts of the past, of the bright days of old.
 They talk'd of improvements, they told me to see
 The church and the dwellings all novel to me ;
 But pain'd was my heart at the change they extoll'd,
 And, sick'ning, I turn'd to the things that were old.
 The dear hallow'd home of my school-days I sought,
 And my pulse throb'd anew as I near'd the sweet spot ;
 But my day-dream soon fled, like a tale that is told,
 For a change had pass'd over the bright things of old.
 The play-ground had vanish'd—a garden was there ;
 But weeds had grown o'er it—its borders were bare ;
 I reck'd not the ruin, 'twas dear to behold,
 For it seem'd to weep over the bright things of old.
 Blest spot ! in thy bosom all tranquilly flew
 Winged moments, the purest the bard ever knew ;
 And still shall his heart ever joy to enfold
 A dream of the past—of the bright days of old.

 * Alluding to Mrs. Radcliffe's romance of the "Italian."

THE CROMWELLIANS.

AN IRISH TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE RESCUED TEMPLAR.

THE history of the world can supply no parallel to the fortune of those fanatics whom Cromwell led into Ireland. Selected carefully from the fiercest sectaries, whose violence was formidable to every government, they deemed themselves, and were regarded by others, as a devoted band, consigned to destruction by the jealous fears of their rulers. They attempted to resist the order for their embarkation, and when they were forced to submission by the energetic vigour of their leader, they resigned all hopes of life, and went on board the vessels with the feelings of martyrs. In a few brief months, the estates of the Anglo-Irish nobility were parcelled out to these rugged enthusiasts; power, rank, and rich possessions rewarded their exertions; and at this hour the descent of the wealthiest and proudest landholders in the south of Ireland may be traced to some pious serjeant or inspired trumpeter who shared in the spoils acquired in this unexampled war. These adventurers and their descendants long retained many of the wild superstitions which prevailed in England at the period. They were devout believers in ghosts and witches; they were persuaded that Satan, in proper person, frequently wandered among them, and the most ordinary natural occurrences they unhesitatingly ascribed to supernatural agency. Their religion, after the first burst of enthusiasm died away, consisted merely of a violent detestation of Popery; and as few or none of them knew what Popery was, they continued to make the name include every thing that their ignorance could not comprehend, or that their caprice rejected. This was whimsically illustrated some few years ago in the town of Youghal. It was resolved to add some ornaments to the space that surrounded the communion-table in the parish church, and unfortunately the taste of the architect led him to introduce the figure of a cross in one of the compartments. Had the pope come himself to perform

high mass in the church, or a company of cardinals marched up to the reading-desk, and exhibited the scarlet abomination of their robes in the face of the astounded congregation, the confusion could not have been greater. "The mark of the beast," as, with very dubious propriety, these pious Protestants denominated the great symbol of salvation, had been erected in the citadel; the ensign of the enemy was placed in the very sanctuary; by some strange miracle the minds of men seemed to have been carried back nearly two centuries; and the sentiments of the most insane Puritans to have been revived in full force in the minds of their descendants. The debates on the subject would have done honour to the parliament of Praise-God Barebones: there was the same horror of idolatry, the same use of pious phrases which no mortal could comprehend, and the same absurd perversions of scripture which distinguished the orators in that celebrated assembly. One discovered that the two ornamental crosses were precisely similar to the calves set up by Jeroboam at Bethel! another found a better parallel in the image of Baal set up by Jezebel! and a third declared to a believing audience that the entire occurrence was prophetically delineated in the book of the Revelations! The war lasted four days, and the enemies of the cross prevailed by sheer talking. Argument or remonstrance was offered in vain; ridicule was found equally inefficacious. Those who seriously defended the propriety of such ornaments in a church were called Papists; those who had the good sense to laugh at the unmeaning outcry were at once set down as Atheists. The crosses, which really looked very pretty, were removed, and the compartments filled up by two unmeaning lumps of plaster, which the artist declared were intended to represent Bibles; and to prevent any mistake he inscribed on them the word *Bible*, in letters that might easily be mis-

taken for Hebrew or Chinese; an announcement as necessary as that of the ancient painters, who were forced to write beneath their caricatures of nature, *this is a horse*, or *this is a tree*.

When such a scene was exhibited in the nineteenth century, we may easily conjecture that the fanaticism of the seventeenth was still more ferocious, and that the dread of Popery produced greater excesses of intolerance. The manners of the Cromwellian soldiery were coarse and unrefined; ignorant of ordinary etiquette, they found themselves suddenly raised to the rank of gentlemen and magistrates, and they were constantly led into the most whimsical blunders. The generation is not yet extinct which remembered a magistrate that contrived to spell *usage* without having a single letter right. The novelty of the feat makes the event worthy of record, and we therefore hand down to posterity, in our immortal pages, that the orthography of the worthy functionary was *yowzitch*. When similar blunders were noticed, the worshipful member apologized for them by declaring, that "no human being could spell with the pens he had."

These brief notices of a race now fast fading away are probably new to most of our readers, and they will render more intelligible the *historiette* which we are about to relate.

Every body knows that the Cromwellians, by their speedy recognition of Charles II. obtained not only pardon for their rebellion against Charles I. but were permitted to retain the estates which the Catholic proprietors had forfeited by their devoted loyalty. The new possessors, however, lived in constant alarm for the security of their tenure; they knew that they were intruders, and they dreaded the approach of a just restitution. They, however, firmly believed that they were the especial favourites of Heaven, and that some miraculous interposition would preserve them from the attempts of their enemies. The pope, the devil, and the Irish, were, they believed, united for their destruction, and therefore they persecuted the fancied agents of these powers—priests, witches, and patriots—without mercy.

The town of Youghal having been colonized by Lord Broghil, was completely a Cromwellian settlement, and the great fortress of ultra-Protestantism. Within its untainted precincts no Papist was permitted to dwell, and those who brought provision to market were obliged to leave the town before sunset. In this hotbed of puritanism and intolerance lived an old officer who had served under Ormond in the war of the confederates, and had accompanied that crafty leader in his campaign against Cromwell. Colonel Hillgrove, as he was named, was a cavalier of the old school; he fought for the king as for a personal friend, and did not lay down his arms until every chance of success was irretrievably lost. He was sequestered by the Cromwellians as a fierce malignant, and deprived of all his property; his three sons had fallen in the field, and he now resided in Youghal with his grandson, the last of his family, on a miserable pittance allowed him by Lord Broghil. The Restoration brought little change for the better to him; by the wicked arts of Ormond, Charles was prevailed upon to neglect the claims of those who had lost all in his support; and it was with difficulty that a miserable remnant of his former estate was wrested from the grasp of an usurper to support the gallant colonel. His grandson, William, was one of the merriest boys that ever shot a marble or whipped a top. Though a zealous Protestant, the old colonel detested the Puritans and their rigid observances; he therefore encouraged the wild gaiety of the boy, and thus gave great offence to the grave precisians with whom he dwelt.

As William grew up, he showed an uncommon love of reading, and books being rare at the time, he eagerly devoured the few that were within his reach. About the time that he reached his fourteenth year, an English clergyman, who had been presented to a neighbouring living, came to reside in Youghal, and contrived within a week to make all the godly his inveterate enemies. His crimes were manifold and various; he had gone away from Alderman Black's house at the moment that the worthy alderman was

about to favour the company with a word of exhortation; he had laughed at Mr. Justice White when that functionary came to ask for his assistance in laying a troublesome ghost; a flute had been seen in his lodgings, and it was credibly reported that he and the malignant colonel had secretly played a game of cards. For these and similar abominations the Rev. Mr. Evans had been piously consigned to the ranks of the utterly depraved, and the inhabitants of the town shrunk from his touch as if it were pollution.

Shut out from society, which, to say the truth, was not very desirable, Mr. Evans had no companions but the old colonel and his grandson. He soon became attached to young Hillgrove, and gratified his desire of reading by lending him some of the old English writers, which he had the taste to appreciate. These advantages soon raised William's mind above his playmates: he daily felt his superiority, and could not avoid discovering that their ignorance and superstitions were equally foolish and disgusting. With the usual imprudence of youth he gave utterance to some of his liberal opinions: they were soon spread abroad, and he was stigmatized as a vessel of wrath, whose company should be avoided. His good temper and lively spirits, however, had made him too great a favourite with his playmates for the mandate of exclusion to be obeyed; and he was still the leader of youthful frolics in spite of parental admonitions.

The persecution of the Puritans in the course of a few months forced Evans to retire. He exchanged his living for one in a distant part of the country, where innocent amusements were not entered in the catalogue of deadly sins, and young Hillgrove found himself alone. As he advanced in years, reflection showed him the absurdity of the extravagant doctrines professed by his neighbours, but experience taught him that they were not to be controverted with impunity. Without having committed any crime, he found that his name had become a proverb for wickedness; with curious

inconsistency he heard himself denounced at once as an Infidel and a Papist: he saw himself shunned by those whom he had loved in youth, and the door of every family shut against him. Even the curate of the town, the Rev. Mr. Snooks, joined in the outcry, and declared that the boy was clearly predestined to perdition. Hillgrove was not of a temper to bear all these wrongs with patience, and he devised an ingenious piece of revenge, which is still related in the town as an undoubted proof of supernatural agency. The belfry in Youghal is an old square castle, close to the church; to ascend to the bell has been long one of the break-neck exploits which youthful daring sometimes ventures, at a more than ordinary risk of life and limb. On a Sunday evening, while Mr. Snooks was furnishing the ordinary opiate to his congregation, Hillgrove mounted the perilous ascent, and fastened a cord to the bell, which he threw outside the tower. At midnight he seated himself on the opposite wall of the churchyard, and rung a peal so loud and long that the whole town was filled with alarm. The mayor ran for the churchwardens, the clerk posted to the sexton, and all hastened in a body to the parson. The bell continued to be heard at intervals, and the authorities determined that some effort should be made to investigate the strange occurrence.

A timorous troop, headed by the parson, marched with slow, but measured steps, up the narrow lane that leads to the church, while every peal seemed to sound their own death-knell. At length they arrived at the gate, and, after much hesitation, entered. No sooner had the gate opened than every sound was hushed: they searched the church, the belfry, the burial-ground, but could see nothing that could explain the unusual phenomenon. They retired, but had not reached the bottom of the lane when the bell began to ring more furiously than ever. A second search was made: it was equally ineffectual. On their return they paused to hold a hurried council beneath the belfry, when a sudden peal over their heads filled all

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with dismay. The sexton dropped the lantern and fled; the parson took to his heels, but fell over the lantern; and the churchwardens, stumbling over his prostrate body, rolled ingloriously in the dust. The bell rung louder and louder, while the discomfited authorities fled, leaving the gates open behind them.

It was late in the following day before the civil and ecclesiastical authorities could muster courage sufficient to revisit the scene of their discomfiture. Long before their arrival all traces of the artifice had been removed, and they were left to conjecture as best they might, the causes and consequences of the ominous event. Snooks, after a long silence, in which he made as near an approach to thought as ever he had done before, at length began—"My brethren, these are awful times"—every ear was opened to hear what was to follow such a preface—"yes, these are awful times, when Satan is allowed to buffet the children of light, and assault the saints, the chosen of the earth. The iniquities of this land are crying for vengeance; idolatry raiseth its head within our bounds, and the followers after witchcraft are at work in our districts. Yet know I not, my brethren, why it should be permitted to the wicked one thus to lay hands upon the bell that summoneth the elect, seeing that it is written, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'"

"I opine," said Pratt, the worshipful mayor, "I opine, that there is in this matter more than thou thinkest; the bell hath remained there since the time that this church belonged to the deluded Papists, and the rope thereunto attached was bought from Judith Hagarty, of whom there be many strong suspicions."

The mayor closed his oracular jaws, but a number started on the game which he had roused. The original popery of the bell, and the suspected witchery of the rope, would have satisfactorily accounted for any phenomenon, however surprising, and an immediate resolution to examine both attentively, was carried by acclama-

tion. When the bell was taken down, the sign of the cross was found stamped upon its surface, and a piece of twine, tied like a cross, was found on the rope. Here was decisive evidence that popery had been the cause of all the disturbance, and strong ground for suspecting that Judith Hagarty had bewitched the rope. Orders were immediately issued that the symbol of idolatry should be removed from the luckless bell, and that Judith should immediately be arrested.

Poor Judith was an old woman, the widow of a fisherman, who resided outside the town, and supported herself by spinning. She was believed to be a witch, for the very infallible reason that she was old, ugly, decrepid, and a Papist. She was, of course, persecuted by the boys of the town, whose hearts were steeled by the lessons of bigotry diligently inculcated from their earliest years. Hillgrove had escaped this debasing education, and, with manly generosity, usually took the part of the wretched old woman, and saved her from much meditated evil. She, in return, looked up to her youthful defender with gratitude, and aided him in several of the wild pranks which he constantly played on the superstitious fears of his neighbours. She had assisted him in another more important enterprize, for she afforded him the means of intercourse with the lady of his love.

We have said enough of the Puritans of Youghal, to convince our readers that Hillgrove would have but little chance of obtaining the hand of any of their daughters; and, though it sorely taxes our gallantry, we must add that their neglected education, and bigot intolerance, made him marvelously indifferent on the subject. At the opposite side of the river on which the town is built, there dwelt an old royalist, who had served in the army of the confederates, and had, like many others, been rewarded for his loyalty by forfeiture and disqualification. At the court of inquiry held by Ireton, in Clonmel, so many Protestants gave evidence in favour of Captain Power, and brought forward so many instances of his humanity and

generosity, that Ireton allowed him to retain a small portion of his estate, and permitted him to reside in the country. Henry Cromwell enlarged this grant, and, as in a thousand other instances, afforded him all the protection that he would be permitted by his fanatic council to extend. As Colonel Hillgrove and Captain Power had served together under Ormond, and shared the dangers of his two campaigns, they naturally kept up occasional intercourse. The Puritans of Youghal were scandalized at the wickedness of the colonel in paying visits to a Papist; and there were as many intolerant Catholics who blamed Power for receiving an Englishman and a Protestant. This opposition had the natural effect of uniting the two friends more closely; and never was the old colonel so ready to see his friend as when he had received a warning against further intercourse from Snooks, or some such sapient preacher. Captain Power was unmarried; the only female in his house was the youngest daughter of a cousin, who had not been fortunate enough to gain the restitution of any part of his property. Miss Ellen Power was quite a child when taken to the house of the captain on a visit; her playful tricks diverted him so much while suffering under a fit of the gout, to which he was a martyr, that he begged her father to leave the girl with him, promising to educate her as his own child. This was too tempting an offer to be rejected, and Ellen became henceforward the adopted daughter of the captain. Her education was entrusted to an old priest, who secretly exerted his sacred functions in the neighbouring mountains, an equally aged harper, whom the old soldier still supported as the last relic of his baronial retinue, and to a nondescript personage, known by the title of the steward, who had, in former days, kept the muster-roll of the captain's troop, and, for his exclusive possession of the accomplishments of reading and writing, was deemed a prodigy of learning by the regiment. Under the tutelage of this trio, Ellen's education was not of a very feminine description: she

was, on the contrary, early initiated into those studies which are usually possessed exclusively by the stronger sex. Hillgrove was the only person who could converse with her on the subjects which she loved to read, and circumstances having isolated them from companions of their own age, they naturally became intimate, and soon fondly attached to each other. The native spirit of her disposition, and the masculine character of her education, made Ellen as well inclined to frolic as her youthful admirer: she was an accomplice before the fact in many of the mischievous tricks contrived by Hillgrove, and had, on several occasions, suggested several improvements in his arch contrivances. But she usually indulged in higher and nobler thoughts: the destruction that had swept her country, slain her relatives, impoverished her family, and desecrated the altars of her faith, was with her a frequent subject of meditation. She dreamed of a time when the green flag might again wave, when the ruined altar might be restored, and the broken cross replaced, and she communicated much of this enthusiasm to Hillgrove, who felt convinced of the monstrous injustice and cruelty with which Ireland had been treated.

Judith Hagarty was possessed of a large Dutch tray, used for the purpose of curing salmon; in size and shape it resembled a canoe, and, when the water was still, it formed an excellent substitute for a boat. We have ourselves made some dangerous trips in a similar tray, and really found it a pretty safe conveyance, though now, that age has chilled our blood, we shudder at the very recollection. In this tray the intrepid Hillgrove frequently crossed the river at night: he was usually disguised in female apparel, and, as the tray did not rise more than one or two inches above the level of the water, he was more than once taken for a witch on a nocturnal voyage.

The arrest of Judith Hagarty, and the preparations made for the examination, collected all the idlers of the town together; a body which in every

age included three-fourths of the inhabitants; and, with a laudable deference to public curiosity, his worship, the mayor, determined that the recognition should be held in an open court. Hillgrove was too much interested in Judith's fate to be absent, and he contrived to force his way to the back of the bench, just as the civil and ecclesiastical authorities had taken their seats.

The Reverend Mr. Snooks opened the business with a prayer: like similar productions of that age, it was a mixture of fervent devotion with vulgar familiarity, that almost bordered on blasphemy, and contained to the full as much abuse of Papists as petitions for blessings on Protestants. It was with great difficulty that the mercurial Hillgrove could avoid laughing at the ludicrous contortions of the minister, and the periodical groans with which the congregation cheered the close of every sentence. But he did refrain, luckily for himself, since martyrdom would assuredly have avenged the insult.

Judith was now placed at the bar, and addressed by his worship, the mayor, in the following terms:—

"Woman, thou art sold to Satan! thy crimes and abominations have brought a curse upon our town, which hitherto hath been like Zoar in the plains of Gomorrah, a little city of refuge for the godly that dwell in this howling wilderness (a hum of applause). Thy master hath urged thee to vex us, the chosen remnant of Israel, placed here as an out-post on the enemy's land: it is meet that we should utterly destroy the emissaries of the devil, that roaring lion, that old serpent, which is permitted for awhile to harass the saints (a louder humming). Speak now, and manifest to us the craft and subtilty of the evil one, that we may know the snares by which we are surrounded!"

Judith did not comprehend a syllable of the harangue, and did not open her mouth. Before his worship could muster words for a second charge, Snooks broke in.

"I also will take up a parable against thee. O wicked follower of

idolatry and enchantments! by thee, most abominable of wretches, has the house of prayer become a place for Satan's delusions, and the bell of the sanctuary profaned to summon his followers to a midnight mass: thine was the rope that pulled the sacred bell, thine, therefore, were the arts by which it was set in motion."

"Holy virgin!" exclaimed Judith, astounded by the strength of the parson's inferential reasoning, "did any one ever hear the *likes* of that?"

"Silence the idolater!" roared a hundred voices: "she deals in her Papistry before us all."

"Oh, thou blinded heathen!" said Snooks, "that darest in our presence to worship the dead! Knowest thou not—"

Here the mayor, who justly dreaded a sermon on the worship of the saints, interposed, and said, that, as the prisoner would not answer, it would be wise to summon the witnesses against her, to proceed with their evidence.

The first witness was a weather-beaten tar. He deposed to having seen the said Judith cross the river in an eggshell, accompanied by the devil and a black cat, who were both, it appears, accommodated in this novel bark. The mariner's fears on the occasion had so disturbed his faculties, that no human being could have guessed that he actually did see Hillgrove one night in the tray, with a rabbit which he had killed on the opposite side of the river. His description was consequently so perverted that Hillgrove did not recognize himself, and believed the sailor to be a wilful perjurer. He exclaimed against the absurdity of the story, and attempted to raise a laugh about the capacity of the egg; for this he was severely rebuked by Snooks, and admonished by the mayor to look to his own safety, for that infidelity was punishable as well as witchcraft. The sailor stoutly persisted in his tale, and accounted for the most marvellous part of it, by saying, "she was floating about on the water without a boat, and she must have been in an egg-shell, for he saw nothing else in which she could be."

Three farmers in the neighbourhood of the town, deposed to the disappearance of butter from their churns on the days that Judith had been seen strolling about the neighbourhood, under the pretence of gathering fuel. Another testified the same thing, but added, that he had gone and threatened her with destruction, after which his butter returned.

Two girls testified that Judith had told their fortunes, and that events had turned out exactly as she predicted. These unfortunate witnesses were soundly rated for their transgression, and ordered to be set in the stocks for two hours on the next market day.

Alderman Greene deposed, that

having heard of a priest lurking in the neighbourhood, he determined to hunt him down, but that as he was passing through the north gate, he met the prisoner, who cast an evil eye on him, and soon after his horse threw him, whereby he had been disabled from following the delinquent priest, a circumstance which had filled him with hearty sorrow.

A tithe of this evidence would have been sufficient to convict all the old women in the parish. Orders were given that Judith should be committed to prison until the next meeting of the lord president's court, which would take place in less than a fortnight.

W. C. T.

(To be continued.)

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF A FATHER.

BY J. S. CLARK, ESQ.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

WHEN by thy couch we stood and wept to see
The father dying, and the friend in thee,
How throb'd the heart with sorrow newly born!
With what new anguish was the bosom torn!
Tears, burning tears, bedew'd the pallid cheek,
And spoke—what language had not pow'r to speak.
To Heav'n we pray'd, but found no pity there;
Weak was the wish, and unsubdu'd the pray'r;
"O God of love! affection's voice forgive,
Thy will be done—but, let thy servant live."
In vain shall reason's pow'r attempt to bind
The march of feeling and the flow of mind:
True on the lip the fitful smile may glow,
And veil the sadness of the wreck below;
But, as the mountain stream, when curb'd its tide,
Lives, though repell'd, and flows, though turn'd aside,
Still by the midnight lamp, in silent flow,
The mourner hails the luxury of woe;
Still gives to Nature unrestrain'd controul,
And breaks the bursting bondage of his soul.
What, could I view unmov'd the failing breath,
Gaze, like a stoic, on the sleep of death,
Senseless and cold the last farewell receive,
Nor weep my fate that I was doom'd to live?
Father of Light and Love, who o'er the bier
Of faded friendship dropp'd the bitter tear,
Lord, shall no dews of sorrow dim the eye,
When all we love, and all we honour, die?
Oh! if, indeed, when first affections part,
'Twere fit to close the fountain of the heart—

If in the stoic's breast true manhood lies,
 And this be wisdom—who would then be wise?
 How oft, while still in being, have I said,
 "Sad shall my pathway be when thou art dead!
 As yon bright sun illumines the sterile ground,
 Pours forth its beams, and scatters life around,
 So does thy presence cheer the darkest day,
 And raise fresh flow'rets on my weary way.
 Say, am I sick, thy tender hands sustain,
 Thy voice alone alleviates my pain;
 Speak but one word, one single smile bestow,
 I lose mine anguish, and forget my woe."
 But thou art gone—thy spotless life is o'er,
 And thy paternal breast shall beat no more;
 Above, enwrapt in heav'nly grandeur, now,
 Thou smil'st, quiescent, on the world below—
 Safe in th' eternal mansions of the blest,
 Where the sad slumber, and the weary rest.
 Dear honour'd saint! from yonder bright abode,
 The seat of angels and the throne of God,
 I would not call thy rescu'd soul to share
 My bitter portion of continu'd care.
 Yes, I may smile, as erst in happier days,
 While on my cheek the transient sunbeam plays;
 But ah! they know me not who deem me glad—
 The lip but quivers, and the heart is sad.
 Look at my bark on life's rude current toss'd,
 Her path all dubious, and her pilot lost,
 While on my skill (myself untaught) rely
 My hopes on earth, my happiness on high—
 What though on me all bounteous Fortune pour
 Her gifts, not boundless, yet an ample store—
 Oh! wonder not that when mine eyes descry
 The peaceful tomb where those who lov'd me lie,
 Where, freed from pain, my heart's first treasure feels
 No more the pang of sublunary ills—
 Oh! wonder not that I that tomb would share,
 And burst the "silver cord" that binds me here—
 As a pure spirit quit my suff'ring clay,
 Spring from a world of woe, and bear away.
 But thou art safe above the rugged blast,
 And, thanks to God! thy trembling course is past.
 When clouds obscure hang o'er my feeble form,
 I think on thee, and dare the coming storm;
 Strike, strike, I cry, unbend your threat'ning brow,
 He's safe in Heav'n!—you cannot injure now.
 Still is the heart that vice could ne'er subdue,
 Calm is the pulse that never beat untrue;
 That breast is cold with love and honour fraught,
 Silent the tongue that heav'nly wisdom taught,
 Led the young soul through life's enshackled way
 To paths of peace and everlasting day!
 And as the lord of light, from labour free,
 Sinks to repose beneath the western sea;
 Or as the mariner, in storms distress'd,
 Steers his lov'd bark, but longs to be at rest;
 So when the firstlings of the flock had grown
 In strength and stature, and his work was done;

When childhood's phantom joys had ceas'd to charm,
 And riper age could better brave the storm,
 His weari'd spirit left her frail abode,
 Plum'd her white pinions for the realms of God,
 Shed o'er the fading earth a pitying tear,
 And sprang celestial to the vaults of air!
 But thy pure mantle, dearest shade, bestow,
 On those lov'd relics thou hast left below;
 May they in ties indissoluble rove,
 United ever in the bond of love;
 Gazing through life on yon ethereal shore,
 Where kindred spirits meet to part no more;
 Where freed at length from sublunary pain,
 Clasp'd in thy arms, and lov'd by thee again,
 Hand join'd in hand, together we may rise,
 With those who fled before thee, to the skies;
 With loud Hosannahs tread the blissful sphere,
 And quaff the waters of redemption there!
 And thou, who by his side in weal or woe
 Wert faithful ever—dearest, best, below—
 Not like the Carian queen of old, who shed
 The richest off'rings on her partner dead,
 (As though the proud oblations she bestow'd
 Could bribe her pardon from a frowning God,)
 Thy proofs of love in life no requiem need,
 These of eternal joy shall sow the seed,
 Shall bloom for ever on that happy shore—
 Those bow'rs of bliss where hearts shall break no more.
 Oh! fear thee not while God in mercy spares
 Thy son to guard thee through this vale of tears;
 Say, is there one would harm thee—one would dare
 Pluck from thy heart the peace that nestles there?
 Then shall this breast thy shield and fortress be,
 These arms shall ward the coward-shaft from thee,
 While justice wings the retributive dart,
 In filial vengeance, to his dastard heart.

And if at times we seek the sacred earth
 Where sleep the relics of departed worth,
 We will not, Father, to thy mem'ry rear
 Th' emblazon'd stone, to tell what dust lies there;
 There needs no sculptur'd line of borrow'd bard
 To praise thy virtues, or thy worth record;
 On the cold marble be thy name impress'd—
 The tears of all who knew thee tell the rest.
 'Tis past—'tis gone;—with floods of latent grief
 My heart was full, and sought, and found, relief;
 My mournful harp in solemn silence long
 Had hush'd its notes, and on the willow hung;
 But when with trembling hand I woke its lays,
 Swept its dull chords, and sung a Parent's praise,
 Tears of pent anguish first began to flow,
 And pitying Nature burst the gates of woe.
 And now farewell—the pleasing toil is past,
 The strain is o'er—these chords have breath'd their last;
 But while a pulse, to fond emotion free,
 Beats in this heart for excellence and thee,

Still shall the bard to lonely shades repair,
 And (though unseen descend the silent tear),
 Truth, Virtue, Friendship, lost Affection mourn,
 And drop a filial tribute on thy Urn!

March, 1828.

PARTED FROM THEE!

PARTED from thee, the world looks dark and drear,
 And charms me not, yet the scene once look'd bright,
 And when beheld with *thee*, the view was dear;
 But one dark cloud suffic'd at once to blight
 And cast a gloom o'er happiness and joy—
 Pleasure and Mirth no longer smile for me,
 But all is dark and gloomy, and mine eye
 Is often dim with tears—parted from thee!

Parted from thee!—the memory of days—
 Fled, fled for ever—is the only thought
 That now brings pleasure to me; and I gaze
 On the mementos of a time when nought
 But happiness was mine—when if a care
 Or pain swept o'er me, *thou* couldst make them flee,
 And soon the sky above again was fair—
 I dreaded nothing, save—parting from thee!

Parted from thee!—alas! those words express
 The cause of all my sorrow, all my woe;
 I feel in them that utter loneliness
 Which when with thee my soul can never know.
 In vain the fields look green, the meadows gay,
 I see them not—in vain they smile for me—
 Sickening, I turn from the fair scene away—
All, all to me seems gloom—parted from thee!

Parted from thee—thy ev'ry look and word
 Returns in vivid colours to my brain;
 Once more it seems as if those tones I heard,
 And I beheld that much-lov'd form again;
 But ah! the pleasing vision soon is o'er—
 I wake, and find that thou art far from me;
 I turn to sad reality once more—
 And all again is dark—parted from thee!

AMICA.

THE TROUBADOUR.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

THE cloudless splendour of the setting sun shone broadly and brightly upon the dark blue waters of the Rhine, and fell in shadowy beams of gold upon the romantic objects that diversify the banks of that majestic river. Volumes might be written in praise of the enchanting sublimity of these favoured spots, but to attempt the description of one feature only, is all that, now, falls to our share.

Seated upon the brow of a stupendous cliff, whose jutting sides, clothed with verdant foliage, rose proudly from the foaming waves beneath, was the castle of —, a feudal fortress, which, erected as a stronghold in the earlier periods of history, bore the venerable traces of decay, mingled with the more ruthless violence of warfare. Partially surrounded by a high and massy wall, flanked by enor-

mous bastions, and protected by a fossé of considerable depth, the building, boldly defined upon the horizon, reared its lone towers above the vine-clad steeps around it, and, grey and time-worn as the rock upon which it stood, appeared like a monument of forgotten days, to challenge the admiration of every passing eye. A serpentine path, entangled with luxuriant eglantine, hawthorn, and hazel, and, in many places, overhung with moss-crowned cliffs of lime-stone, wound its way from the portcullis to the rugged base of the ascent, where a variety of fragrant shrubs and blossoms bloomed upon the hoary crag, and scattered sweetness upon the air. Bosky glades and dells, interspersed with corn-fields and vineyards, groves and bowers, beautiful as the fabled regions of fairy-land, and apparently crowding together as they receded from view, and faded into the delicious azure and amethyst of the distance, assist the outlines of our sketch; while here and there an ivied tower, or mouldering hermitage, a lowly roof, or convent spire, invest the whole with the winning and hallowed attributes of social and religious existence. And now to paint the animated portion of the picture. Leaning against a projecting eminence, so situated as to command a perfect view of the castle, was an individual habited in minstrel's attire. With a countenance full of fire and sweetness, yet strongly tintured with melancholy, an eye irradiated with the light of genius, and a lip that might have been aptly presumed to breathe forth the witchery of song, he possessed a figure of slender and elegant proportion, not unbecomingly displayed by the picturesque character of his garb. A broad hat, somewhat resembling that of the palmer, defended his head, and was slouched over a forehead the natural freshness of which, somewhat tarnished by the sun, was furthermore shaded by a profusion of ebon tresses; a dark-green cloak, furred round the neck with the skin of the grey squirrel, and fastened by a silver clasp, hung, carelessly, from his shoulders, and, opening in front, showed the close-body dress which completed his costume. The appearance and attitude of the stranger testified travel and fatigue; but in the deep and earnest expression of his face—in the rapid changes of his colour, the quick curving of his mouth, and the penetrating glance of his falcon eye, as he fixed his gaze upon the fortress, and beheld battlement and barbican blazing in the beams of the sun, much of lofty enterprize and restlessness of spirit might be discerned.

"In good sooth it is a fair and lovely land," soliloquized the minstrel, casting his eyes over the scenery around him; "and, methinks, it were no trying matter to muse away life in a solitude like this, and happily, too. Grand, and wild, and beautiful—what more could poet's heart desire? and what more than the breath of the blue heavens, the welling of the pure waters, and the fair fruit and foliage of the glad earth, with the pleasant song of birds, and the still sweeter voice of kindred—what more than these should man seek after? And yet," continued he, breaking into a new strain, and speaking with a prouder tone, "there is something more that is dear to the soul of man. Ambition with its brilliant dreams—conquest with its bewildering charms—glory, immortal glory, preparing the path of the hero, and wreathing his falchion with unfading laurels—a far-stretched sovereignty—a crown and sceptre, or—" and his brow deepened, and his voice fell—"chains, a prison, and a stranger's grave."

With these words he remained for a few seconds as if absorbed in reflection, then springing, hastily, from his passive posture, he snatched up the harp that lay beside him, and, humming a light madrigal, struck into the leafy and devious pathway that directed to the castle.

We will here change the scene, and introduce the reader to an apartment in the fortress which we have pointed out as the object of the minstrel's attention. Composed of massy stone, roughly hewn in blocks, and rudely cemented, the walls of the room seemed, from the loop-holes with which they were pierced, to be of uncommon thickness: the finer craft of

L

AUGUST, 1831.

the artisan had evidently been but sparingly employed in their decoration, but the taste or courtesy of the present proprietor had partly hung them with tapestry, which, rent in divers places, and ill-fitted to the space it was destined to disguise, betrayed the unsightly masonry beneath. In the centre of the room was placed a heavy oaken table, covered by a crimson cloth, and upon this, half filled with muscadine, stood a silver flagon, richly embossed, together with a drinking cup of the same costly metal: close by the table was a chair of oak, curiously carved in the fashion of the times; and a sort of niche in the wall was occupied by a sculptured desk, on which were seen an Italian crucifix of ivory, and a small illuminated breviary, thickly studded with bosses of gold. In the corner of the room was thrown a hood of mail, with a long cloak of serge, and a broad-leaved hat, bearing, on its brim, the emblematic cockle-shell of the pilgrim. Cut in the upper part of the walls, long and narrow loop-holes, secured by strong stanchions of iron, admitted light and air, and afforded a bird's-eye prospect of the country. A glimpse of the deep blue sky, the silver edge of a departing cloud, and the bright verdure of an ivy-branch that trembled in the breeze, and shot its leaves across the embrasure, with a vivid beam of splendour that played horizontally into the apartment, were all that was visible to its solitary inmate, as haughtily he raised his head, and bent his eye upon the outlet that carried his survey beyond the bounds of his confinement. The prisoner was in the meridian of life; a figure tall, muscular, and well-set, a complexion tanned by the sun, and long exposure to the injuries of the weather, yet still retaining much of its original fairness, features frank, open, and characteristic, a brow shadowed by thick, golden hair, and a light, blue, sparkling eye, like the lion's in its fury, with a lip whose scornful curve seemed fit to smile defiance upon the world, constituted the personal appearance of the captive. A suit of linked mail, worn and battered, protected the body, and the knightly chain suspended from his

neck, with the spur that clanked upon his armed heel, as he strode impatiently across his chamber, proved that the captive was one of consideration. The uncurbed nature of his contemplations was written upon his mien; every look, every action bespoke the ferment of a spirit chafed almost to madness by the servile limits to which it was circumscribed. Abruptly stopping in the midst of his apartment, he threw a piercing glance upon the sky, whose declining lustre fell obliquely upon his covered head, and illumined his countenance with amber light—a bird fluttered across the window, and the ivy shook beneath its wings; while at this trivial incident the whole face of the prisoner became dyed with crimson. He fiercely knit his brows, and biting his nether lip until the red blood started at the pressure, dashed his clenched hand upon the table, and cried, "Now, by God's mercy, 'tis foul shame that the very birds of the air frolic upon the breeze unbidden and unrestrained, while we lie like a felon in some donjon-keep! The base-born serf and peasant churl may hie them to their labour, their pastime, and repose, no tongue to bar, no hand to stay their steps; while the soldier of the cross, the terror of the infidel, aye, the anointed of the Lord, treacherously dragged before a petty league of vassals, is thrown into the fell precincts of an unheeded prison. France mocks at our captivity, our brother riots, like a luxurious craven, in our possessions, while our royal mother weeps with our loving subjects for the desertion of her son, and the cause of Christendom sinks and languishes for its champion. May the foul fiend rive thee, Leopold, for this inglorious deed; and by my holidame and our blessed rood, an' ever I find my way back to bonny England, I will repay thee, uncourt-teous prince!"

While yet he spake the tones of a harp broke upon the stillness of the hour, and a few chords, struck by a bold, sweet, and masterly hand, arrested the attention of the captive. The fingers of the performer strayed, loosely, among the strings, and, with touches of infinite feeling, ran through

the prelude of a celebrated Provençal air. Cour-de-Lion seemed riveted to the ground; his bitter complainings sank into utter silence, and, presently, a voice of rare melody sang, with the most exquisite taste and sentiment, the first stanza of a song that almost electrified the monarch with surprise. Seizing a harp which lay nearly concealed amidst the rushes upon the floor, Richard swept his hand across the chords, and, in a rude and hurried style, took up the burden of the piece. Sinews fitter to grasp the sword, or battle-axe, now gave pliancy to the chords, and, with a flashing eye, the martial minstrel quickly paused, in breathless expectation of the succeeding moment. Nor was his expectation disappointed: the strain was instantaneously renewed. Lightly and rapturously the hand of the unseen musician sported upon the instrument, now dashing amidst the strings, and arousing the proud notes of triumph and inspiration; then gliding into a soft and plaintive measure; again floating over them as if every tone fell from the burning touch of ecstasy; and, at last, dying away in a cadence of the most entrancing harmony.

Half subdued by his emotions, Richard mounted to the lattice, and, forcing aside the ivy, endeavoured to obtain a glimpse of the minstrel.

"Blondel! my poor Blondel!" exclaimed he, straining his voice to the utmost, and inclining his eyes towards the spot from whence the music had issued in quest of the harper.

Who did he behold? Blondel? Yes, the faithful Blondel, who, unwearied in attachment, in fidelity and solicitude had wandered over Germany in search of his beloved, his lost, and his regretted master. Joy, love, and veneration were depicted on his aspect, as, unbonnetted, he bent his knee to the imprisoned monarch; then precipitately rising, and placing one hand upon his lips, in token of caution and secrecy, he pointed with the other to the west, and signified, by tokens, his intention to proceed direct to England, make known his successful pilgrimage to the queen dowager, and secure the liberation of his monarch.

Taking from his fore-finger a signet ring, adorned with a superb ruby, Cour-de-Lion attached it to the massive chain of gold that depended from his neck, and flung it, with well-imagined aim, towards the feet of the minstrel. Blondel snatched it from the turf, and pressing it to his lips, concealed it in his bosom as the test of his veracity, then swiftly disappeared, his heart beating with mingled loyalty and affection.

On the 3d of May, 1194, the good city of London presented a busy, a gladsome, and a tumultuous scene: the pride of merry England, the scourge of the Paynim land, and the chivalrous defender of the cross, the gallant and lion-hearted Richard, returned in triumph to his throne and subjects. Mounted on a stately charger, the monarch—for whose ransom history records that churches and monasteries, in the fervour of their zeal, melted down their plate, while prelates and nobles volunteered a fourth of their yearly income, and the parochial clergy contributed a tenth of their tithes—the monarch, thus passionately beloved, rode through the ranks of his devoted people, and with kingly condescension acknowledged the enthusiastic greetings that rent the very welkin with their noise. The appearance which he made that day was not only adapted to the occasion, but also to the martial spirit of the warrior. His figure was encased in a suit of mail, little remarkable for ornament, but of well-tryed temper; and, in lieu of being protected by casque and vizor, his head was covered with a richly embroidered barret-cap of velvet, bearing a plume of feathers, fastened in an aigrette of diamonds. Over his armour he wore a scarf of azure, twisted with silver, and a chain, set with jewels of price, glittered upon his breast, while his sword, of the true Damascus, was decorated upon the hilt with that delicate species of carving in which the Italian artificers excelled. Reining in the fiery steed which he bestrode, he bowed frankly and frequently to the assembled multitude that pressed about him, at times chiding the efforts of his followers to

ward off their intrusion. Upon a milk-white palfrey, whose housings and footcloth were profusely encrusted with precious stones, Queen Eleanor occupied a place upon the right of her heroic son: her apparel was gorgeous to excess, and, as with singular dexterity she managed the animal upon which she was seated, she softened the native haughtiness of her brow, and sweetly, yet proudly, bent her regal head to the acclamations of the throng. Upon the left of Richard, in his episcopal vestments, rode the chief justiciary, Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, and near him were Geoffrey of York, Robert, Earl of Leicester, William Mareshal, Earl of Strigul, Hugh Bardolf, and others of illustrious name and prowess. Nor must Blondel be forgotten, who, honoured amidst the titled group, shared in the exultation which he had promoted as a poor and wandering troubadour, and read in every face the approbation of his zeal. A long and sumptuous train of knights and nobles attended on their sovereign, and gleaming harness and helmets, jewelled bonnets, and white plumes, with blazoned surcoats and banners, and the gaudy caparison of war steeds, contrasted with the more sober attire of the trusty citizens. There were the blast of trumpets, and the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, and the ringing of metallad hoofs, confused with the deafening shouts of the mul-

titude; there were the strong full voices of men, and the soft sweet accents of women, blended with the lisping tones of infancy, as all, animated by a kindred feeling, hailed their adored monarch on his release; stern brows, and bright eyes, unbent, and beamed upon the king, and many a fair cheek deepened into the damask rose, as the quick glance of majesty fell upon its retiring beauty, as the ardent beams of the sun upon the lily of the vale. Flowers were strewn upon his path, perfumes scattered in the air, and coins of silver thrown in handfuls to the populace, while itinerant minstrels sang the praises of the lion-heart at every pause in the procession, and received from the transports of the crowd ample and weighty memorials of their satisfaction.

To describe the splendour of the scene is impossible in the limits to which we are confined; suffice it then to say, that London poured forth its wealth and its magnificence, and that the flower and chivalry of the English court that day mustered around their king. We will here lay down the pen with briefly stating, that the German nobles, viewing the splendour of the rejoicings, declared that, "had their master been aware of the resources of the English, they would not so easily have ransomed their sovereign."

C—r.

ANACREONTIC.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I DRINK to thee! my Lilla dear,
 Maid of my heart, I drink to thee!
 While cups are fill'd to Beauty here
 I'll pledge thee, deep in memory!
 When friends are met, and round the board
 Quaff wishes kind to those they see,
 Safe treasur'd, like the miser's hoard,
 My silent heart shall drink to thee!
 Thou art a gem too pure to name
 Amid the revel's noisy throng;
 I would not hear thy maiden fame
 Echo'd the festal board along!
 I'll drink to thee, my Lilla dear,
 And long and deep the pledge shall be;
 But guarded from Mirth's ruder ear,
 Within my heart, I'll drink to thee!

There thou shalt have a purer shrine,
 Than 'mid the banquet's noisy din;
 Nor be the worshipp'd saint, when wine
 Blushes the circling glass within!
 When cups go round to Beauty here,
 Should any ask a pledge from me,
 Thy name the crowd shall never hear;
 My heart alone shall drink to thee!

CANZONET.

OH! SING AGAIN.

BY JAMES KNOX.

Oh! sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That bless'd our sight
 Is now, alas! departed.
 Full often Pleasure's iris wing,
 Like April skies is shaded,
 But songs of other days will bring
 A joy, when joy hath faded.
 Then sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That bless'd our sight
 Is now, alas! departed.
 There's Love can smile,
 And will beguile
 The bosom of its sadness,
 Or should we faint,
 Young Hope can paint
 A dream of future gladness.
 Yet these are ignis-fatuus rays
 That shine but to deceive us,
 While mem'ry's song of other days
 Are lights which never leave us.
 Then sing again
 Each magic strain
 We sang when joyous-hearted,
 Although the light
 That bless'd our sight
 Is now, alas! departed.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. III.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

ABOUT the year 1810, when the war in the Peninsula was assuming its most formidable character, and the situation of the king had become decidedly hopeless, the Countess of —, who was not only the lady-in-

waiting, but, in truth, the beloved and confidential friend of the queen, returned from a visit to Windsor Castle through a storm of thunder and lightning, so severe as to render the earl, her husband, and a numerous party

of visitors, in great anxiety on her account.

Scarcely, however, had their condolences and congratulations passed, than the lady observed "it was now late, and the storm abating," and by other symptoms indicative of a wish to retire, induced all around her to do so. In a few moments she was alone, and not till then did she open a note presented by a servant, who acquainted her, "that it had been brought by a countryman, about sunset, from Lady Margaretta C—, whom he declared to be dying."

The countess had been long held to be one of the brightest ornaments of a court celebrated for its fastidious attention, not only to blameless purity of morals, but strict decorum of manners; and she was the last person to relax in either. She had entered it young, beautiful, lively, and talented; and, as the wife of a distinguished general, necessarily parted from her during a long period of former warfare, had proved the dangers consequent on such a situation, and was well aware that any woman might pass their ordeal uninjured, who loved her husband or respected herself. In consequence of this opinion, not less than her own unblemished fame, she was, perhaps, the last woman of rank in Great Britain, to whom the fallen, or even the equivocal female, could dare to lift her eyes for countenance, or pity. Charitable almost to self-abandonment when compassion, or benevolence, sought her aid in humble life, towards *vice* (more especially when it was connected with high rank) she was stern and unrelenting.

Under these circumstances how could the young beauty (whose flight from the noble husband to whom she had been only married two years was at this time the subject of reprobation from every tongue) apply to her for aid? She wrote, as it appeared, in the very extreme of misery, declaring, "that she was dying, and deserted by her betrayer, who had left her to perish in *want*; and she conjured Lady —, by the memory of her mother, (the mother whom in early life she had held as her dearest friend,) to pity and relieve her."

The beautiful applicant was singularly fortunate in the circumstances under which her petition was received; for the discourse at the castle had turned not only on the ill to which even royalty is heir, but on the humility demanded by the religion which was ever an active principle in the royal household of that day—and it will be evident to *all*, that in the moment when we most feel our own inefficiency and self-abasement, we look with most pity on those sinners from whom we are slightly divided—to those serious and mournful discussions had succeeded an awful and alarming spectacle in Nature, threatening every moment that destruction which might hurry a trembling soul to the tribunal of God—in such a season who could be severe? at such a time who could forbear to revert to the dead who had been loved, and who still pleaded for those that in helpless infancy had been left unprotected, to imbibe false principles, or become the victims of the profligate and the deceptions?

Many thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of the countess, but they alike called on her for pity and resolution. Whilst she cogitated, her husband, (the most affectionate and worthy of men,) reassured of her safety, fell into a comfortable sleep, and, satisfied that he would share her feelings for the culprit, though, from personal kindness, he would oppose her desire to fly on such a night to her relief, she descended in silence. A few moments saw her again seated in the carriage, though the storm was renewed, but her feelings under it were now very different, for every fear was forgotten that related to *self*; whilst the memory of her early friend, first widowed, and then dying, leaving to careless relations a child whose beauty might prove her bane, and whose misconduct was now her ruin, agitated the breast of the countess. Nor, as the dark clouds rolled away, and the moon arose in beauty, could the change elicit comfort, for the nearer she approached the place, the more embarrassing appeared her situation, and the more angry did she feel towards the seducer who had inveigled

one, little beyond the age of childhood, into a situation of infamy and calamity apparently unparalleled.

The carriage stopped at length, after numerous inquiries, at a farm-house of respectable appearance, and Lady — was ushered, by its mistress, into a neat apartment, where she found the object of her anxiety thrown upon a bed, but in her usual clothing, and, apparently, only just awakened by the sound of the carriage. Instantly starting up, she flung herself upon her knees before the countess, whom it was evident she had not expected in person, declaring, in apparent agony, "that her last breath should thank her for this kindness to the most wretched, and most penitent, of human beings."

Her eyes were blood-shot and swollen, her cheeks pale, her dress disordered, but under all these disadvantages her beauty was so conspicuous, that the Countess of — could not forbear to blame the carelessness of a husband whom she had understood to have spent little time in his own house, and to have left his young wife to constant intercourse with the officers of a regiment quartered near his seat in the country. The Honourable Frederic J —, as a man of family, had been selected as her more favoured attendant, and consequences had arisen which might have been easily foreseen by a man who knew the world so well as Viscount A — was supposed to do.

The countess had not seen Lady Margaretta since the time when she had played with her as a lovely infant, for she had been engaged with her lord on the continent, during an embassy, and she scarcely knew how to offer the consolation which she had travelled so far to bestow. As, however, the young beauty insisted "that she was dying," her first cares were given to inquiries after her health, but in order to spare her the renewal of that paroxysm of grief to which her first appearance had given rise, she inquired of the farmer's wife the opinion of the medical men who attended her lodger.

"She an't had no doctor, madam, because she have no complaint as I

know's of, except jist when she goes off in a crying fit, more pity. I am sure afore the young gentleman goed off in the morning she was as merry as a lark, but mightily given to pets and passions, so that we feared she would make away with herself somehow, when she had nobody proper to vent them on."

Nothing could be less encouraging to the efforts of benevolence than this account, but Lady — considered that the good woman was a stranger to the cause of poor Lady Margaretta's sorrow, and could not account for the effects of agonizing remorse on the one hand, or the miseries of desertion on the other. A few questions soon convinced her that anguish of spirit was, indeed, the only ailment of the invalid, and her vituperations against him whom she termed her "perfidious betrayer," showed that the storm of anger for the time raged paramount, and proved that she more particularly dwelt on the atrocity of leaving her without money, in what she termed "a horrible hole inhabited by savages!" The want of present assistance was instantly obviated, and Lady — began eagerly to praise the apartment; whilst she added, "that it must be well known to her, that her seducer was poor, having no assistance from a well-known spendthrift father; and that, in case of his making reparation by marriage, the utmost frugality would be required to enable them to live."

The only reply was a renewed declaration "that she was dying—that she was willing to renounce him for ever;" and an entreaty most humbly, yet vehemently, urged, that the countess would take her home with her, "that she would show mercy to the daughter of one who had loved her so well, and whose spirit was, perhaps, even now hovering round them, trusting that she would have pity on the most unhappy of human beings."

The wildness of her gesticulations, the energy of her appeals, distressed the countess beyond measure. Her house was full of company, many young persons of both sexes were there, and it was not possible that she could either conceal her, or declare

herself the patroness of one whose penitence was as yet too early to be relied on. It was in vain, however, that objections were urged, Lady Margaretta "knew that she should never again rise from her bed," assured her, "that she could thankfully sleep in the smallest crib, and take her food from the lowest menial;" and, finally, the most correct and dreaded of women carried home, with mingled sensations of pity and blame, one whom she earnestly desired to benefit, but to whom she scarcely could hope to render essential service. This apprehension grew further upon her as she advanced, and she was compelled repeatedly to enforce the necessity of a strict incognito, as the only medium of her permitted residence, and reminded her that during the period when her divorce was pending, the slightest impropriety must be fatal to her hopes of any interference with her lover on the part of herself or the earl.

On this most momentous subject the young offender appeared more easy than Lady — would have thought consistent, if she had not justly concluded that in the whirl of contending passions perhaps, at this moment, love itself was silent. She perceived that anger for that which

she termed desertion was predominant, and that a sense of disgrace also deeply affected her; together with a selfish concern for the melancholy alteration in her circumstances, and regret, not only for dishonour, but discomfort. To each of these observations, whether proper, or unworthy, the simple circumstance of her youth formed an excuse. Lady — believed, that even love, in its stronger, deeper feeling, would be seldom found under eighteen, though it might mislead, readily, those who were subjected to its influence; and she was well aware that the pleasures of life, and the stimulus of ambition, can affect the mind even from childhood.

Her own maid was the sole confidant of this adventure, and, under her care and auspices, the delinquent was housed in safety, and found capable of taking the refreshment her journey, and her exhaustion from distressing emotions, alike required. It was nearly seven when the countess sought her pillow, which even then she found to be a sleepless one, so many were the difficulties which now pressed upon her, and so anxious was she at once to improve and relieve her who was their subject.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LINES ON LEAVING ———.

BY THE LATE LADY MANNERS.*

DEAR fields where oft in infancy I stray'd,
 When ev'ry trifle charms the vacant mind,
 Kind groves that wrapp'd me in your circling shade,
 When thoughtful science first my soul refin'd—
 Say, must I bid this lov'd recess adieu,
 Once more to float on dissipation's tide?
 Where shall I meet with friends so fond, so true,
 To whom so well my careless youth confide?
 Where yon tall elms have form'd a dark retreat
 How oft did I the show'rs of April shun!
 Beneath the limes that overhang yon seat,
 How sweet my shelter from the setting sun!

* These lines have been handed us by a friend, with an assurance that, "to the best of his knowledge and belief," they have never before appeared in print. Under these circumstances we insert them here, particularly as our friend's MS. is in the handwriting of her ladyship, with whom he was on terms of intimacy.

Or when rude Boreas urg'd the chilling blast,
And desolation darken'd all the plain,
Musing, I wander'd o'er the wintry waste,
And knew my charms more transient and more vain.

Or when exchanging walks for free discourse
A parent's words instructed as they pleased,
While to her words her actions gave new force,
My mind example more than precept rais'd.

She taught me humble goodness to revere,
To cheer the sad, to succour the forlorn;
Taught me to think bright virtue only fair,
And senseless pride to treat with equal scorn.

Sometimes the friendly sisters,* too, would come,
Their conduct blameless, and their souls sincere,
Adding new pleasure to our peaceful home,
For Heaven-born friendship can each scene endear.

But now no more Maria glads our eyes,
No more with her the verdant fields we tread,
Med'cine in vain its healing virtue tries—
Our lov'd Maria slumbers with the dead.

Yet, Anna, cease that unavailing tear,
Utter no more that deep, heart-rending sigh;
Maria's body wastes upon the bier—
Maria's purer soul can never die.

Methinks she views you now with tender care—
She drops a tear of pity to your woe;
Ah! then your sainted sister's quiet spare,
Who can no sorrow now but Anna's know.

Alas! while I indulge the pensive strain,
Apollo sinks into the lap of night;
When next he smiles upon yon western plain,
No more this lawn shall open to my sight.

Stay, envious Cynthia, suffer yet one view!
To-morrow I these blissful meads forsake:
From her moist veil she shakes the silver dew,
Deaf to each feeble accent that I speak.

Then farewell each regretted, rural scene,
Each rising tree my careful hand hath nurs'd;
Long may your branches crown this happy green,
When these frail limbs lie mould'ring in the dust!

FERDINAND DE GUIMARAENS.

A PORTUGUESE TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the reign of Aliaton, Ferdinand de Guimaraens was the most courageous and most amiable of Portuguese warriors. From his earliest youth glory had been the first wish of his heart. Although he traversed both Spains, vanquished giants, broke open castles, and delivered fair cap-

tives, still the restless warrior complained of not being sufficiently active, but love soon gave another direction to his impetuosity.

One day, as he was traversing the forest of Tomar, he overtook a knight, who followed the same route, but more slowly. Pleased at meeting a

* Relations of the writer.

companion, he slackened his pace, and bowed to the knight. The stranger returned his salute, but at the same time turned his horse to let him pass. Ferdinand inquired whether he was going to Lisbon? "No," answered the stranger. "Am I far from thence?" rejoined Ferdinand. "Yes," was the only answer; and the conversation would have ended here, had not our hero felt an ardent desire of continuing it, precisely because the other seemed to wish to avoid it.

After several questions, Ferdinand began to praise the beauty of the arms and the horse of the knight, who thanked him with great modesty, but in a very laconic manner. Ferdinand was out of temper; he spurred his horse with violence, that he might at least induce the stranger to inquire the cause of it; but the poor animal galloped to no purpose, the silent traveller continued to walk his beast, without even turning his head. In this manner the two warriors travelled for a league.

At last, losing all patience, Ferdinand addressed the obstinate stranger. "Sir," said he, with a tone of pique, "the coldness with which you treat me, proves that you have little esteem for me. I cannot support your contempt; and if you think me unworthy of conversing with you, you will not, perhaps, refuse to break a lance with me."

"I cannot despise you," answered the knight, without betraying any emotion, "since you are perfectly unknown to me; long conversations are tiresome, but a challenge never displeases me. Let us only make haste, for night approaches, and I intend to sleep far from hence."

"I am sorry to detain you," said Ferdinand, with an air of coolness; and, at the same time, preparing his lance, he withdrew to a proper distance, and rushed, like lightning, on the stranger. The warriors' lances were broken; their scymitars glittered, and a thousand redoubled blows made their shields resound.

Ferdinand was vain of the beauty of his armour; his breast-plate, of the finest steel, was covered with nails of silver; his helmet was surmounted

with a golden cock, that bore a superb plume; the same bird was painted on his shield, with these words, "War and Love." The blows given by the stranger had already shattered the ornaments of his helmet, when, enraged at the sight, he quitted the reins of his horse, and, seizing his sword with both his hands, he smote, with all his vigour, the head of his antagonist. The blow was terrible; but it slid over the steel, and only tore the vizor away; the helmet rolled in the dust. A profusion of auburn hair fell upon the shoulders of the disarmed warrior; a pair of large blue eyes were now turned upon Ferdinand, and easily regained the victory which he fancied had declared for himself. Trembling, he let the sword fall from his hand; he alighted, and throwing his helmet away, remained on his knees, overcome with admiration.

Ferdinand was handsome. The fire of courage shone in his eyes; the emotion occasioned by the pleasure of having conquered, and the fear of having wounded his antagonist—his attitude, his surprise, all conspired to render his appearance more interesting. The heroine looked at him and blushed, but immediately assumed a smile, and, presenting her hand gracefully, "Rise, sir knight," said she, "you are the conqueror: it is I who should ask my life of you." "Alas!" replied he, "I feel but too much that mine will henceforth depend upon you." Saying this, he returned her the helmet, and remounting his horse, they pursued their journey without speaking, but not without a conviction that this would be the last time they should fight together.

The lovely warrior was the Princess Elvira, daughter to the King of Galicia; no knight surpassed her in courage; no female equalled her in beauty; her heart was yet untouched by love.

Ferdinand's fine features, the respect, the love she read in his eyes, occupied Elvira. For the first time she wished to please, and pretending that her broken helmet incommoded her, she hung it on the saddle, that her beauty might shine unveiled upon the enamoured Ferdinand. A thou-

sand questions, a thousand ideas crowded on his mind, but expired, unuttered, on his lips. His eyes sought Elvira's, but as soon as they met they were averted with fear and respect. How short was the road to Ferdinand, and even to Elvira! The sun had long since set; night was stealing from them the pleasure of gazing upon each other, when they arrived at the entrance of a magnificent castle.

Summer was the season of the year; the sun, since the first dawn of morn, had shone without a cloud; that day, the happiest of Ferdinand's life, had reanimated all Nature; but the exhalations of the burning earth rose in vapours upon the horizon. Afar off were heard the low murmurs of thunder, the trees were gently agitated, and their rustling branches seemed to augur the fate which threatened them. The sky, involved in darkness, lost at every moment some star; its gloomy vault was rent by lightning; every thing announced the coming storm, and our travellers were unconscious of it, when a sudden clap of thunder illumined the dark turrets of the castle. Ferdinand proposed to seek an asylum in its walls, and Elvira consented; but the drawbridge was raised, and a moat, wide and deep, defended its entrance. Our knight sounded the horn, and immediately appeared at the top of a tower, by the light of a shining torch, not a deformed dwarf, such as at that period were kept for pages, but the most beautiful child. In one of his hands he held a lighted brand; in the other he carried a small bow. "Sir knight," cried he, "I am the owner of this castle; I alone am sufficient to defend it against all the kings of the earth. With this bow I could conquer the stoutest knights of the universe. There is, however," added he, smiling, "one method of finding an asylum here. Two lovers who, at my gates, will swear eternal love, may be secure of becoming my guests. It belongs to you to determine whether you will enter."

At these words Ferdinand looked at Elvira, who, without answering, turned her horse, and slowly re-took

the path they had left. Our hero thanked the child, and sorrowful and silent followed his mistress.

The thunder still continued; the lightnings glittered, the winds roared, and the rain fell in torrents. The proud Elvira descended from her horse, and seated herself at the foot of a tree, and, notwithstanding the thunder and the storm, she fell asleep, or at least pretended to dose. Ferdinand stood before her; he turned his eyes towards the sumptuous castle where they might have been sheltered from the storm, and, without daring to complain, he endeavoured to devise some means of conducting Elvira thither.

While they were indulging in reveries, which perhaps were of a similar nature, the sound of a horn was heard. Elvira rose in an instant; both looked towards the place whence the sound seemed to proceed; and by the flashes of lightning they descried a knight, who blew the horn with all his might. The child soon appeared on the tower, and repeated the same words to the knight which he had addressed to Ferdinand. "Open, open," replied a young damsel, who rode behind the knight; "open quickly—I am Zulmina, and this is my beloved Abindarres; we have long since sworn eternal love."

The bridge was lowered instantly; Zulmina and her lover passed, and the bridge was drawn up after them. Darkness returned; Ferdinand sighed; Elvira dared not sigh, but resumed her seat, and the rain fell faster than ever.

Our lovers awaited the dawn of day in silence: it appeared at last, and scarcely had the morn tinged the east, when Elvira remounted, followed by Ferdinand. As they passed before the castle the happy Abindarres and the tender Zulmina were continuing their journey. Both, in the bloom of youth, lovely, refreshed, and charmed with the asylum they had left, bowed to Elvira and Ferdinand, who, wet, pale, and fatigued, gravely returned their salute. "I reproach myself," said Elvira, angrily, "for not having forced my way into this castle. If we return," rejoined Ferdinand, "I pro-

mise to spare no means of getting admittance thither."

In fact, the sole idea of conducting Elvira to the castle occupied his mind; but the windings of the forest of Tomar were so intricate that he despaired of mastering the labyrinth. He wished to leave some mark on the ground which could point out the track; but a knight carries nothing but his arms. Love at last inspired him with a device for which he afterwards paid dearly.

He unscrewed all the silver nails which held the various pieces of his armour, and strewed them unperceived upon the road.

Desirous to break their long silence, which she began to find fatiguing, Elvira intimated a wish of knowing his history. Ferdinand related it with a charming sensibility and modesty. He touched lightly on his exploits, and carefully avoided mentioning the fair mistresses he once had.

Elvira, in return, acquainted him with her birth, and the cause of her wandering life. She had fled from her father's court, to avoid the addresses of a knight, notorious for his ferocity—the renowned Rostubald, son of Fervagus. Proud of his birth, gigantic stature, and invincible strength, he had aspired to the possession of her hand; and the King of Galicia, too timorous to offend Rostubald by a refusal, had promised him his daughter; but the young princess, listening only to her aversion, fled from every place where she might chance to meet her detested lover.

The fair warrior's relation added fuel to the fire that raged in Ferdinand's bosom.

During their conversation, Ferdinand had unscrewed all the nails of his armour, which was now about to fall to pieces. But why should he concern himself? Elvira was in every thought, and his only desire was to be able to lead her back to the castle.

They now beheld through a vista of trees a knight mounted on a fiery courser; who, as soon as he perceived them, galloped quickly onwards. Elvira looked at him, and uttered a loud scream; it was Rostubald. Ri-

vals know each other without having met.

The fierce Rostubald cast a furious glance upon Elvira, and advanced with his drawn sword towards Ferdinand. He was struck, and staggered under Ferdinand's heavy blows; but his arms resisted, while those of his antagonist were easily opened by his sword, which penetrated deep into the bosom of the unfortunate lover, who fell bathed in his blood, and turned his closing eyes towards Elvira to implore vengeance. "Feeble rival," exclaimed the ferocious conqueror; "you trusted to the courage of your mistress; you did not think yourself obliged to defend *her*. Die, coward!—but first behold her in my arms."

He said, and alighting from his horse, advanced towards Elvira. Despair, rage, and love inflamed the heart of the heroine.

"Do not approach," exclaimed she, "but defend yourself."

Elvira was no longer a woman; it was Mars who, in his rage, conquered every thing that opposed him. The armour of Rostubald was broken, his blood stained his breast-plate; he paused whether he ought to fly or to treat her as an enemy. At last terror and fury prevailed, he attacked her, and returned all her blows; and the two champions seemed so inveterate that death alone could terminate the fight.

Justice and love triumphed: astounded by Ferdinand's blow, and wounded by those of Elvira, Rostubald could no longer resist the valiant Amazon; he staggered at the moment she felt her vigour diminish; she perceived it, and, collecting all her strength, she pressed him with more ardour. He fell on his knees, and begged his life. "No, traitor!" replied the maid; and plunged her sword in his heart.

Delivered from her foe she ran to Ferdinand, who lay senseless on the ground; knelt by his side, and her burning tears fell upon his wound without affording any relief; his eyes were shut, his mouth half opened; he could scarcely breathe, and his blood flowed abundantly. Elvira endeavoured to stop it, and tore the veil

which she wore under her armour to bind up her lover's wound. She laid her hand upon his heart, but nothing could inspire a feeble hope. "Perhaps Ferdinand had breathed his last!" Her mouth approached his to try whether he still breathed; her lips touched his. Oh! Ferdinand! that kiss restored you to existence! it awoke all your faculties which seemed frozen by the hand of death; you opened your eyes, and, transported with joy, Elvira ran to the neighbouring stream and brought you the cooling liquor in her helmet. "Live for me, my friend," exclaimed she, "live for my happiness!" These words gave fresh vigour to your exhausted limbs, you gazed with more than gratitude upon her, you pressed her hand, and your eyes declared what your lips could not pronounce!

Elvira was calling for assistance to convey her lover to the next village. "No, no," said Ferdinand, in a feeble tone, "let us rather return to the castle." Elvira blushed, and declared she was ignorant of the way. "I foresaw you would forget it," replied the wounded knight; "but the shining

nails of my armour will guide you thither: I strewed them on the road that I might be able to re-conduct you to the Castle of Love."

Elvira, who now understood the cause of Ferdinand's defeat, shed tears of tenderness and affection. Without answering, she cut several strong boughs, with which she made a litter, placed it upon the horses of Ferdinand and his vanquished rival, and, laying the bleeding knight upon it, followed with the charge, so dear to her heart, the track of the silver nails.

As soon as they arrived, the child appeared, as before, on the tower. Elvira did not allow him time to speak. "Open," cried she, "we will love for ever!" At the words, *for ever*, the gates flew open; Ferdinand's heart palpitated with bliss as he passed the bridge. The care bestowed upon him by the inhabitants of the castle, and the tender and assiduous attentions of Elvira, soon restored him to health; and after a month of repose, they thanked the lovely child, and hastened to the court of Elvira's father, who united them for ever.

LINES.

BY LORD G——.

O! MY own love! how quick the moments fly
When thou art near to fill them with delight:
They seem like stars, whose radiant brilliancy
Shoots, dazzling, though the sable clouds of night.

So sweet, that one might think the amorous breeze
Kiss'd off the dew-drop from the budding rose,
And fondly breath'd upon the shrubs and trees
The richest perfumes which their leaves disclose.

So gently stealing, as when lover's eye
Feeds on the form he doats on to excess,
And scarcely thinks the object has pass'd by,
So full is fancy of its loveliness.

O! my own love! when thy dear form is gone,
On leaden pinions time appears to move,
Leaving this bosom desolate and lone,
Whilst echo sadly sighs—O! my own love!

THE EDITOR'S COUNCIL CHAMBER.

GENERAL CEMETERY COMPANY.

In our wanderings through this immense metropolis it has often struck us as passing strange that, amidst all the improvements which have within the last few years taken place in our manufactures, our buildings, and our thoroughfares, the dangerous practise of interring the dead within the walls of a populous city should have been suffered so long to continue. The custom was founded, we believe, on the pious zeal of our forefathers, who entertained an idea that the frequent view of these tabernacles of the dead would have the effect of instilling religious sentiments into the hearts of the living, and continually remind them of the necessity of setting their own "house in order." But, allowing these worthies due credit for the rectitude of the principle, we must, nevertheless, dispute the conclusion. The frequent view of the solemn scene of a churchyard destroys the effect which would be produced by its more rare appearance; and surrounded as the burial-grounds of this metropolis are with bustle and activity, they lose a great portion of that solemnity which dwells so impressively upon the silent receptacle for the departed in a retired village. But leaving this argument for the present, we assert that, for the preservation of health alone, the practice should be prohibited. Read the "Medical Gazette," for September, 1830, and then wonder why, in certain seasons, typhus and other frightful fevers should desolate the confined portions of the capital.

"Let it be recollected, that the poisonous effluvia arising from our super-saturated churchyards, must be largely reinforced by the annual addition of at least forty thousand bodies—Bunhill Fields burial-ground alone receiving its one thousand every year—and that every dead body, being diffusible to the extent of twelve-thirteenths, leaves but one-thirteenth part of fixed matter in the grave, while the rest, sooner or later, is mixed with the air we breathe. It may surely be reasonably presumed, that our bowels have a most extraordinary yearning for our deceased rela-

tives and friends—yea, a most charitable affection for all our defunct neighbours—when we thus delight in taking into our systems, as regularly as our meat and drink, so large a proportion of their mortal remains."

Right glad are we, then, to find that the company which was last year created, to carry into effect the grand object of forming a General Cemetery, at a short distance from town, are well and faithfully pursuing "the even tenor of their way;" and that while, on moral grounds, they feel a satisfaction in doing their duty, they are well assured that, in the end, a very handsome pecuniary compensation will accrue to the shareholders of the design. The names of Lansdowne, Milton, Wellesley, and Ingestrie, are sufficient to adorn any undertaking, while the cautious and honest capitalists of England will derive satisfaction from knowing that Sir John D. Paul, Bart. George R. Paul, and Andrew Spottiswoode, Esquires, are active members of the association in question. The land has been already purchased: it is beautifully situated, about three miles from London, on the Harrow Road, and is in every way fitted to the purpose. As a favourable omen, we may add that already 1200*l.* has been offered to the company for the ground, over and above the original purchase-money. In three months it is anticipated that preparations will commence, and we do hope that no illiberal attempt will be made, on the part of interested persons, to defeat the laudable exertions of the committee. Each individual will be allowed to suit his own taste in the erection of monuments, and, by this arrangement, a pleasing, though melancholy, diversity will be presented to the spectator who may steal awhile from the busy scenes of life to wander amid these instructive sepulchres. The *tout ensemble* will bear a striking resemblance to the celebrated *Père la Chaise* at Paris. The only obstacles endeavoured to be raised for the purpose of obstructing the furtherance of the undertaking, have been chiefly

created by a few ignorant, shallow-pated buffoons, who are always striving to display their blasphemous wit, and turning into ridicule every thing sacred and solemn. A plague on such foolery! Who that has of late years witnessed the violation of the habitations of the dead in St. Martin's churchyard, and other crowded repositories in the metropolis, where the awful secrets of the sepulchre have been exposed at noon-day, and the half decayed remnants of mortality thrown, heedlessly, by the way-side—who that knows that where St. Katharine's Dock now is, a burial-ground was, and that the ashes of the deceased have been actually scattered as manure over the polluted fields—who, we say, that regards these things, and remembers that such may be one day the fate of himself, a beloved sister, child, mother, father, or wife, does not blush for the land that will admit of such unholy sacrilege? The remedy, Britons, is in your power! Virtue, religion, decency, and national pride, call upon you to support the present society. We rejoice to say that the prospectus issued by the committee has proved effectual, and that the good feelings of our countrymen, backed, indeed, by a consideration of their own pecuniary interests, have been induced to embellish the share list with an appearance in every way satisfactory.

When the Cemetery at Manchester pays an annual dividend of 12½ per cent. it is natural to ask why should not that in London do the same?—Yea, considering the comparative population, why should it not pay double? The risk is actually *nothing*. The ground is paid for, and on this a large profit accrues already; and when enclosed with a wall, there ends the principal outlay.

Different parishes have recently purchased portions of land, and had them consecrated as burial-grounds, and this circumstance has been stated, forsooth, to show the little necessity that exists for this company. But let any of our readers, on an occasion that calls together an immense crowd, (the approaching coronation, or the visit

of the king to the city, for example,) survey the multitude, and ask himself where hereafter is room to be found for so many. How soon will the largest ground be filled! and how soon, therefore, must the horrid remedy which we have described be again resorted to! The land purchased by the company is freehold: they pledge themselves to preserve inviolate their trust, and that when the fifty-four acres purchased shall be replete, that another space, equally large, shall be resorted to. The fees will be also about half the amount of those in all other burial places, and this is a strong reason why it will be popular. The poor will be able to purchase a sepulchre at a trifling expense, in which they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their remains may one day be laid beside those of the dear ones of their domestic circle. Before we conclude, we will take the liberty of throwing out a suggestion to those gentlemen who form the provisional committee. It is well known that many a bright star in the literary hemisphere is, at its setting, too often, through bigotry or want of rank, excluded from those last honours of an admiring country, which are assigned to the more favoured few. Westminster Abbey, it is true, contains the mortal remains of hundreds of the good and great, and those of our countrymen to whom the admission fee is of no importance may visit their sacred tombs; but, we ask, where is Byron, White, Chatterton? why are their bones mouldering in obscure villages, far, far from the haunts of men who are yearning to honour them with some more fitting depository? Ask the bigotry, ask the heartlessness of a cold, methodical, unfeeling world. We would have, then, the General Cemetery Company set apart some portion of their ground for the reception of the mortal coils of such bright spirits as these, where we may imagine they may even yet sometimes hover in all the fulness of bliss—a bliss not deteriorated by the tears of their countrymen, scattered on the sepulchre of their hallowed and dissolving clay.

ALBUM.

TO THE OWL.*

Owl! that lovest the boding sky!
 In the murky air,—
 What saw'st thou there?—
 For I heard, through the fog, thy screaming
 cry!

“The maple's head
 Was glowing red,
 And red were the wings of the autumn sky;
 But a redder gleam
 Rose from the stream
 That dabbled my feet, as I glided by!”

Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!
 Speak, oh! speak!—
 What crimson'd thy beak,
 And hung on the lids of thy staring eye?
 “'Twas blood, 'twas blood!
 And it rose like a flood,—
 And for this I scream'd as I glided by!”

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!
 Again, again,
 Where are the twain?
 Look! while the moon is hurrying by?—
 “In the thicket's shade
 The one is laid;—
 You may see, through the boughs, his move-
 less eye!”

Owl! that lovest the darken'd sky!
 A step beyond
 From the silent pond
 There rose a low and a murmuring cry:—
 “On the water's edge,
 Through the trampled sedge,
 A bubble burst, and gurgled by;
 My eyes were dim,
 But I look'd from the brim,
 And I saw, in the weeds, a dead man lie!”

Owl! that lovest the moonless sky!
 Where the casements blaze
 With the faggot's rays,
 Look! oh, look! what seest thou there?
 Owl! what's this,
 That snort and hiss,
 And why do thy feathers shiver and stare?—
 “'Tis he! 'tis he!
 He sits 'mid the three,
 And a breathless woman is on the stair!”

Owl! that lovest the cloudy sky!
 Where clank the chains
 Through the prison panes,
 What there thou hearest tell to me?—
 “In her midnight dream,
 'Tis a woman's scream,
 And she calls on one—on one of the
 Three!”

Look in once more,
 Through the grated door:—
 “'Tis a soul that prays in agony!”
 Owl! that hatest the morning sky!
 On thy pinions gray,
 Away,—away!—
 I must pray, in charity,
 From midnight chime,
 To morning prime,
Miserere, Domine!

A titled female, whose character would not bear the strictest investigation, being desirous of admission to the court of the late Queen Charlotte, and well aware that a light reputation was by no means a card of introduction to such a presence, requested a lady who was about her Majesty's person to exert her influence on the occasion. Accordingly, at a convenient opportunity, the request was submitted to the Queen. Some minutes elapsed, and no reply was given. Presently the applicant ventured to articulate, “What shall I tell my friend, madam, are your Majesty's commands?”—“Tell her!” said the rigid moralist, in a voice and tone that struck terror to the heart of the petitioner, “Tell her that you *had not the impudence to ask me.*”

THE FALSE ONE.

By Thomas Haynes Bayly.

I knew him not—I sought him not—
 He was my father's guest;
 I gave him not one smile more kind
 Than those I gave the rest.
 He sat beside me at the board,
 The choice was not my own;
 But oh! I never heard a voice
 With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance we met again—
 Again I was his choice—
 Again I heard the gentle tone
 Of that beguiling voice:
 I sought him not—he led me forth
 From all the fairest there,
 And told me he had never seen
 A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
 His praises made me vain;
 And when he left me, how I long'd
 To hear that voice again!
 I wonder'd why my old pursuits
 Had lost their wonted charm,
 And why the path was dull, unless
 I leant upon his arm.

* The above lines were written in reference to the murder of Mr. Weare, a few years ago.

Alas ! I might have guess'd the cause ;
 For what could make me shun
 My parents' cheerful dwelling-place,
 To wander all alone ?
 And what could make me braid my hair,
 And study to improve
 The form that he had deign'd to praise—
 What could it be, but—love ?

Oh ! little knew I of the world,
 And less of man's career ;
 I thought each smile was kindly meant,
 Each word of praise sincere.
 His kind voice spoke of endless love ;
 I listen'd, and believ'd ;
 And little dreamt how oft before
 That sweet voice had deceiv'd.

He smiles upon another now,
 And in the same sweet tone
 He breathes to her those winning words
 I once thought all my own.
 Oh ! why is she so beautiful ?
 I cannot blame his choice ;
 Nor can I doubt she will be won
 By that beguiling voice.

Henry the Fourth, passing through a small town of France, perceived the corporation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration, an ass began to bray ; on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

FORGET THEE ?

By the Rev. John Moultrie.

"Forget thee ?"—If to dream by night, and
 muse on thee by day ;
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's
 heart can pay,
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to
 heaven's protecting power,
 If winged thoughts that flit to thee—a thou-
 sand in an hour,
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my
 future lot,
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, in-
 deed, shalt be forgot !
 "Forget thee ?"—Bid the forest birds forget
 their sweetest tune !
 "Forget thee ?"—Bid the sea forget to
 swell beneath the moon ;
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the
 eve's refreshing dew ;
 Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and
 its "mountains wild and blue ;"
 Forget each old familiar face, each long
 remember'd spot :
 When these things are forgot by thee, then
 thou shalt be forgot !

AUGUST, 1831.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still
 calm and fancy-free ;
 For, God forbid ! thy gladsome heart
 should grow less glad for me ;
 Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh !
 bid not mine to rove,
 But let it muse its humble faith, and un-
 complaining love ;
 If these, preserved for patient years, at last
 avail me not,
 Forget me then ;—but ne'er believe that
 thou canst be forgot !

A few Sundays since a simple-looking country lad, to whose lot fell the leading question in the Catechism, "What is your name ?" replied, "Sorrell."—"Who gave you that name ?"—"Why, all the boys in the parish, sir," whiningly rejoined the red-haired youth.

THE FORSAKEN.

Gay forms were thronging round me,
 He I lov'd was passing by,
 He turned a cold glance on me,
 And I thought I heard him sigh.
 His eye that sparkled brightly once,
 Had lost its lustre now,
 Joy had for ever left that lip,
 And marble seem'd that brow.

He turned his hasty glance away
 From one he'd lov'd so well,
 Fearing perhaps his form so changed
 That hopeless love might tell.
 Upon his arm a fair-hair'd girl
 Was leaning gay and free ;
 Alas ! she little thought how well
 He was beloved by me.

I would not have another know
 How deep was my despair,
 When I saw him by the altar kneel,
 And pledge his honour there,
 That he would guard with life, with fame,
 Protect in weal or woe,
 Her, his own bride, who knelt too there,
 His best belov'd below.

I saw his quivering lips were press'd
 Upon her brow so fair,
 He thought not then, alas ! that I,
 His first love, saw them there.
 I hoped his bride, that happy girl,
 Would love him as I loved,
 And months, and years, as they rolled by,
 Would see that love unmoved.

I ne'er shall be that happy thing
 That I was wont to be,
 Scenes that such joy to others bring,
 Will have no charms for me ;
 And though he said he loved me more
 Than all the world beside,
 Can that, alas ! avail me now ?—
 Another is his bride.

N

Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

ROXOBEL. By Mrs. Sherwood. 3 Vols. London, 1831. Houlston and Son.

MRS. SHERWOOD has written more volumes than any woman in existence, and we rejoice to say that the present work, in point of merit, yields to none of her previous efforts. The following extract is from a description of an entertainment given by three maiden ladies of a *certain* age.

"At length, the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open by Mr. Porter, (who was ever alive to the duties of his high office,) and we entered; and some of us being inspired by the juice of the grape, and others by the exhilarating influence of the ladies' smiles, we ventured to intermingle ourselves among the fair ones of the company, and to take our places here and there, on sofas, chairs, or stools, as our will inclined, or as circumstances permitted.

"As Lucy and Sophia were without the circle, deeply engaged in conversation with their companions, Eugenius and Theodore, while Mrs. Beauchamp was entrenched between two of the Misses Finchley, I was driven, rather by a sort of repelling force exercised upon me by the rest of the ladies, than by any inherent quality of attraction possessed by the person herself, to ensconce myself in an immense chair next to Mrs. Winifred, who was undoubtedly by far the least unpleasant female in the room, after those whose names I have just mentioned. She immediately entered into conversation with me in a very lively manner; and the doctor bringing his forces in the same direction, our corner became very animated, and Mrs. Winifred laughed very heartily, each merry peal being repeated in fainter murmurs by the ever ready echoes on her left.

"In the meantime, the steward, who had swallowed down with his wine his usual awe of his household goddesses, (that is to say, the Mrs. Helmsleys,) and Mr. Barnaby Semple, who was in some degree similarly circumstanced, made themselves very busy among the ladies, in handing the cake, which they took off from the massive silver salvers held by the footmen, for the purpose of showing their superior gallantry. They likewise added to this piece of service various other little attentions, such as are often very useful in varying the tedium of an afternoon visit, and in passing away some awkward moments.

"At length, all appearances of tea, cake, coffee, and salvers, having passed away,

there was a kind of pause, during which the ladies busied themselves in drawing on their gloves.

" 'Mr. Airley,' said Mrs. Winifred, who always treated me with great respect, 'you will not, I hope, be offended at our old-fashioned custom: but as this is a sort of gala-day, which comes only once a year, we always conclude it with a dance, and in this dance every respectable person who has been invited to the several tables is allowed to mingle. It has been a custom in the family from our grandfather's time, and one from which we never depart.'

" 'Yes,' repeated Mrs. Grizzy, 'it was a custom in the family in our grandfather's time, and one from which we never depart.'

" 'From which we never depart,' echoed Mrs. Judy.

" 'And why should you, ladies,' I replied, 'since it makes the poor people happy? and though I am not myself a dancer, yet I shall have great amusement in witnessing the scene.'

"Mrs. Winifred politely expressed her regret at my never dancing, saying, 'Really, Mr. Airley, I am sure you can dance, and well, too. I cannot be mistaken in the carriage of one who is well acquainted with that elegant accomplishment.'

" 'Well acquainted with that elegant accomplishment,' said Mrs. Grizzy.

" 'Elegant accomplishment,' said Mrs. Judy."

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY. Vol. VI. *Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon*. Vol. I. Longman and Co.

This is a well written and entertaining work, which, at the present moment, cannot but prove highly interesting. Another time we shall enter upon the subject more at length; we can this month only find room for the following extract:

"The long trains worn by the ladies in the fifteenth century were frequently the subject of vehement declamations to the preachers, who, seeking to decry them, entitled them *diabolical inventions*. The preacher Maillard, who preached at Paris, in the church of St. Jean-en-Grève, in 1494 and in 1508, exclaims strongly, and in almost all his sermons, against these long trains. In the latter year he says, 'and you, my painted ladies, who wear your trains trussed up; and you, women, who wear chains and trains, &c., and you, my lords, who suffer your daughters to wear trains, and your sons huge sleeves.' But the wearing of trains and chains, and

the use of large sleeves, were not the only vices that the preachers of that time cried out against, and perhaps with reason, in a strain that would not a little astonish a modern audience."

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN NORMANDY.

By J. A. St. John, Esq. 1831. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Chance, and Co.

A work of little novelty, and one, consequently, not replete with entertainment. In truth, Normandy is so near the English coast, that every scribbler who feels an itch for writing travels, and can find words to spin out an octavo volume, has now only to avail himself of the facility which steam affords, and to take a trip across the Channel, and in a very short time his "journal" issues from the press, which, like the mountain in labour, too frequently, but particularly in such cases, produces insignificance. We will, however, do the writer of the present work the justice to remark, that a new light is given to subjects heretofore indifferently dwelt on, and that his powers of description are good. To economizers on the continent he thus addresses himself:

"With respect to the propriety or rationality of emigrating to France, I can say but little, as most persons who take such a step have particular reasons for so doing, which do not admit of being set aside by any other considerations whatever. It is certain, however, that they who go to reside in France for purposes of economy, very quickly discover that they might have lived much more economically at home. There are very few things cheaper in France than in England, excepting wine and brandy; and, with the aid of these, a man may certainly kill himself for a trifle in that country. House-rent, as I have shown above, is far from being lower than in towns of equal size in England; and it is considerably higher, if we consider the quality of the house, and of the furniture which is put into it when it is called furnished. If persons ever save any thing in France, it is by rigidly denying themselves all those pleasures and comforts which they were accustomed to enjoy in their own country; but this they might do at home, with far less trouble, and a much less painful sacrifice, only removing to a little distance from the scene of their prosperity.

"Indeed, there are not, I imagine, in the whole world, persons more to be pitied than English economizers on the Continent. Cut off from all old associations, they become restless, dissatisfied, unhappy. They are seldom sufficiently numerous in

any place, to allow of each person among them finding society exactly according to his taste; and, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, they never thoroughly enjoy the society of the natives. Reduced to the mere animal gratifications, they eat, drink, sleep, and creep on in discontent and obscurity to their graves. Some of them, it is true, enjoy that sort of excitement which gambling furnishes, and which people without brains mistake for pleasure; but these persons are quickly reduced to a state more wretched than that of the mere eating and drinking emigrants, and generally end by furnishing prematurely a *subject* to the French demonstrators of anatomy."

If Mr. St. John refers to Normandy *alone*, we agree with him. The inhabitants are there completely Anglicised; the charges for food, raiment, &c. entirely English. In the south of France, however, it is different, and there we would advise such of our readers to emigrate as may desire to practise retrenchment, and to live well at a reasonable cost. The following passage is not destitute of interest:

"Many of the English, who have the misfortune to lose friends in France, being aware of the small respect in which the grave is held there, contrive to have their remains conveyed over to their own country; and the methods to which they have recourse are various. A lady, whose child died at Caen, caused the body to be packed up as plate, got it passed, I know not how, through the custom-house, and put on board the steam packet to England. She herself sat by it upon deck all the way over, suppressing her tears, lest the sailors should suspect the truth, and, in their superstitious terror of a corpse, throw her treasure overboard. An English gentleman, whose friend died last year in Normandy, buried a quantity of stone in a coffin, in order apparently to comply with the law, but had the body embalmed, and put into a chest, in which it lay for several months, in a merchant's cellar, before an opportunity of shipping it for England occurred."

DIBDIN'S SUNDAY LIBRARY. Vol. IV.
Longman and Co. 1831.

The present volume contains sermons by Bishops Huntingford, Hobart, I. B. Sumner, Archdeacon Nares, Archbishop Lawrence, the Rev. Messrs. Haggitt, Shuttleworth, and Hewlett—by stating which we sufficiently prove its excellence. The frontispiece, a portrait of the first-named Bishop, engraved by T. A. Dean, from Sir Thomas Lawrence, is one of the most exquisite specimens of the art which we have for a long time witnessed.

PIETAS PRIVATA—*The Book of Private Devotion ; a series of Prayers and Meditations, with an Introductory Essay on Prayer, chiefly from the Writings of Hannah More.* Third Edition. London, James Nesbit, 1831.

DAILY COMMUNINGS, *Spiritual and Devotional, on Select Portions of the Book of Psalms.* By the Right Rev. George Horne, Bishop of Norwich. London, James Nesbit, 1831.

These are works which ought to be in the possession of every practical Christian ; the first has, we are glad to see, reached a third edition. It is a beautiful little volume, the title of which will sufficiently indicate its contents, and they are really excellent. The Meditations and Prayers surpass, in beauty and true piety, those of any other similar publication. And who has not read Bishop Horne's admirable Commentaries of the Book of Psalms, of which the latter volume is an abridgment? and who can read them without being struck with their pure and holy worth? This may likewise be conveniently carried in the pocket, and happy are they who derive pleasure from a constant intercourse with such companions.

LITERARY BEACON. Part I. Published Weekly. Griffiths.

We like this periodical ; it is fearless—it is honest ; one that we are very certain would scorn a bribe, and give a just fiat both to friend and foe. But it must avoid personality ; it is ungraceful, and ought not to be indulged in. There is a peculiar feature in the work, which, to those who love a slight peppering of public offenders, and who can, as it were, extract sweetness from the acidity of the lemon, will do well to patronize. It attacks its Saturday contemporaries without mercy, and we must say, as regards one of them, somewhat too harshly. It is the fashion now-a-days for every little gun-boat on the sea of literature to direct the full force of its puny artillery against the Literary Gazette, while that really able and talented periodical sails majestically onward, heedless of their petty malice, ascribing all to (in many cases) its true source—envy of its resources, and increasing reward of its exertions. The Athenæum, on the contrary, has been more puffed and lauded than any other journal in existence, and, so far as we can perceive, on no ground whatever. Its contemplated reduction in price from eightpence to fourpence, speaks volumes as regards its experienced value in public estimation. The fact that for the purpose of introducing the lame semblance of a *jeu d'esprit*, it had the

impertinence to misquote us, and afterwards declined to acknowledge its error, will be a sufficient proof of its honesty ; while the following extract from some rhymes in its columns of the 9th ult. which the editor has the civility to inform his subscribers are “ fitted for any paper,” will satisfy our subscribers of its amazing talent, acute judgment, and wonderful discrimination !

“ Then go we to smoking,
Silent and snug ;
Nought passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes !

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily !

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together !”

But we are reviewing the Beacon, not the Athenæum, and we will conclude by recommending the former to all, but especially to the admirers of blunt and honest criticism.

A CATECHISM OF PHRENOLOGY ; illustrative of the Principles of the Science, by a Member of the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun. London, Simpkin and Marshall. 1831.

That merry, turtle-loving, joke-enjoying alderman, Sir Charles Flower, once observed that works on this “ headifying study should be published by *Bumpus*, and patronized by all the nobility.” The science is, however, now past a jest, and is daily rising in public estimation. The little work before us explains the various theories in plain and easy language, under the form of question and answer, the several portions of the science being arranged under distinct heads. To the tyro in phrenological disquisitions it will prove highly useful, and we welcome with much pleasure this second and improved edition.

THE STAFF OFFICER ; or, The Soldier of Fortune. A Tale of Real Life. By Oliver Moore. 3 vols. London, 1831. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

Few books have been more illiberally condemned, or more foolishly bepraised, than this ; and there are few, perhaps, which exhibit so great a mixture of excellence and mediocrity. While perusing the first

volume, the author struck us as being endowed with a mind of no common order. There is a degree of tenderness, of thought, and of talent throughout the leading portions of his work, which made us sorry that one who could do so well, should, at times, do so badly. We regretted that the latter pages should manifest a want of that intellect and delicacy which shine so pre-eminently in the first volume. The extract which we are about to give, will prove that our high opinion of the author's abilities is well founded.

"Well, captain, as I was saying the other day, when you come to know that I owe my only child's salvation from a public and ignominious death to my beloved and honoured mistress, the Countess of Moira and Baroness Hastings,"* proudly added Robin, drawing himself up, "you will not wonder that every vein of my poor old heart swells with gratitude to her and the Almighty."

"Gracious God! Robin, what do you tell me!" exclaimed I, in breathless impatience, "an ignominious death!"

"Yes, indeed, captain, an ignominious death! but oh! my God!" cried the old man, dropping on his knees, and turning his eyes towards heaven, "you know an unjust one!" Respect for his feelings and admiration at his piety kept me silent. After a short pause he rose, and retiring to the shelter of a spreading elm, he resumed.

"We had a son;" (here his tears flowed fast. "When scarcely twenty years of age, my father, who was head gamekeeper to the old lord, sent him for a gun to Navan, where it had been for repair. Upon his return, on a fine moonlight night, he had reached the four roads at Holy Cross, when what did he see but a large party of men disguised with their shirts over their coats, and with their faces smeared with bog-water. He was in the very middle of them before he knew where he was; but wheeling quickly about, he ran two or three perches from them, and then demanded, in the name of God, who and what they were? He got no answer; but heard one of the party say, 'That's young Robin, the old gamekeeper's grandson—down him!' The voice he knew to be that of one Flaherty, a smith. (God forgive him!) So, sir, half-a-dozen of them sprung out from the rest to seize him; but being young, and ready to jump over the

moon, the boy, I'll be bound, sir, soon gave them leg-bail. However, they were even with him; for before he could cut across the fields to reach the bohoreen that he ran for, (knowing as he did every inch of the country,) others of the party were at the gap waiting for him! so he thought he'd just give them a wide shot, and have another run for it; but just as he presented his piece high enough to fire over the hedge without doing anybody harm, he was struck by a stone right in the centre of his face, which laid him senseless on the sod. O! it would have been a mercy they had then put an end to him; but God's will be done! The villains, as he supposed, then deprived him of his gun, and took him off with them on horseback for more than seven long miles, until they arrived near the house of Jemmy Fox, a snug farmer, who lived to the north of the Red Bog yonder. When they approached nigher to Fox's, the party halted and talked together. The poor boy could hear but little; but the leader of the ruffians said aloud, 'I wouldn't like to hurt the old man; but if we can't get her off without it, the devil a one of them must be spared, boys!' So up to the house they went, some at the front and others behind; while some others waited with a horse and pillion at the *punion* † end of the house, out of harm's way. Those who attacked the back part got in first through the dairy, and after a scuffle inside let the others in. Then, sir, what shrieks, and oaths, and curses! My poor boy had recovered himself sufficiently to stand, but with difficulty; and was leaning on against the gable, his face still streaming with blood, when out comes two of the villains with Jemmy Fox's daughter in their arms; and hurrying her on the pillion, where a man with a handkerchief partly over his face was already sitting, tied the poor creature's legs with a soogaun, and putting another round her waist and that of her foreman, ‡ off they were hurrying through the yard, when who should come out unfortunately, to meet his death, but old Jemmy himself. 'Take all I have, you villains!' says he, 'but leave me my child!' With that, sir, one of the tallest of the party seized him by the throat, and held him back, while away the robber of his child galloped out of the yard. The old man now made one desperate plunge, and got free for a moment; when seizing a log of bog-wood § (the first thing that

* The ancient title, coeval with the Conquest, had been some years before claimed by and acceded to the countess by a decision of the House of Peers.

† Gable end.

‡ The expression for the rider before.

§ They are generally piled in small pieces, as firewood in stacks.

came to hand,) he struck the tall villain such a blow as laid open his forehead. The instant after a shot was fired, and the old man lay stretched! whether by the hand of the tall fellow, or by Flaherty the smith, who was next him, He alone knows who knows all things! Well, captain, while this scene of bloodshed was going on, there was my poor boy Robin ready to faint, and heart-broken, that he could render no assistance. The servants of the house had all fled when the house was forced, or they had hid themselves; but as soon as the villains disappeared, sure enough there was a dozen to the fore, men and women. Their old master was not yet dead, though he seemed not to have an hour to live. One of the gossoons saw my poor son, weak and bleeding, leaning against the house wall. To seize and secure him was only a child's work, for he was ready to drop; and was deprived of his shot-bag and horn without resistance. His gun was discovered near the immediate scene of the murder. He was then dragged into the house, where poor Jemmy lay extended with a horrid wound in his neck just above the shoulder, from which streams of blood flowed. My darling boy said a few words with a view to explain how he became present at this dreadful scene, when the dying man opened his eyes, and fixing them on him with a horrid glare, exclaimed, '*that's the villain! I marked him! look at his face! my blood and my child's blood be upon him!*' At these words the boy fainted with weakness and horror, and remained for several hours in a state of insensibility; but when his senses returned, the sun was high and the house full of people. The soldiers from Trim had been brought across the bog, and two of them were now guarding my unfortunate son. The magistrate had taken old Jemmy's dying declaration, and the priest had about two hours before delivered him into the hands of his Maker.* All that Robin could hear about himself was, that old Jemmy to his last moment declared by words and signs that he was the man who shot him! The wound in his face was washed with spirits, and a bandage put over it, which, with the swelling, completely blinded him. In this state he was, in the course of the morning, placed on a car, and, pinioned as a felon, conveyed to Trim gaol; and the first news my poor father and myself heard of our darling Robin in the village, was, that he was sent to the county gaol in irons as a murderer! It was God's mercy I did not then sink under the shock. With a sor-

rowful heart we both set out for Trim, and by great favour got to see him with the surgeon, who had been sent for to dress his wounds. He could not see his poor father; but as I pressed him to my afflicted heart, I felt his scalding tears as they fell on my cheek. All he could say was, '*Father, I am innocent! God in his own good time will prove me so!*' And my melancholy answer, '*I hope so, Robin!*' seemed to strike deep into his soul, as betraying a doubt; but I comforted him by saying, '*I believe you, my son!*' '*I am, father, I AM INNOCENT!*' was all his forward tongue could utter. And when the turnkey was taking my poor broken-hearted father and myself away, I cast one look more on my child, and then fell senseless into his arms.

"In a few days the government proclamation appeared, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of the leader of the party, and a free pardon to any accomplice but the actual murderer, who would discover the name of the offender. Before a week had passed, we heard that one of the wretches had appeared in Dublin, and turned king's evidence. I was childish enough to hope that my son's release would soon follow; but, sir, how shall I describe my horror and despair when I found that this informer was no other than Flaherty, the smith, (my old enemy!) who had been obliged to flee the country some months before for robbing and poaching on my lord's estates; and that in his deposition before the council, he gave nearly the same account as old James Fox, swearing that my poor boy alone was the man who fired the shot. The wretch was escorted down to Trim to await the trial at the ensuing assizes.

"There were many who heard all the circumstances of this mysterious case, who entertained no doubts of my child's guilt; but all our neighbours, who knew him from childhood, believed him innocent, and sympathized with his poor parents.

"In little more than three weeks the assizes were to come on. His wound being now partly healed, and his sight restored, I sent him his Bible; pens and paper were allowed him, and he wrote a whole account of his case in a petition to our good old lord, which I took to Dublin myself. My father constantly attending my poor boy in Trim gaol; his lordship promised to send over two of the first counsellors from Dublin to defend our dear Robin at the assizes, and my honoured lady assured me that no expense should be spared to find

* Administered extreme unction.

the real criminal! Well, sir, back I came to the poor creature you saw the other day, and when she asked me what hopes of her poor child, all I could say was, "repent what my good lord and dear honoured lady had told me, and bid her trust in the great God!"

"Ah! sir, time flies with the man in fiction! The assizes soon came on, and the villain Flaherty persisted in his story; adding, that young Brennan, a lad from the Queen's county, who was the man that ran away with Betty Fox, had never been heard of in that county since. The evidence of this wretch unfortunately prevailed, and weighed against my poor boy's innocent, plain-told story: the gun, acknowledged to be our's, just discharged, was found on the spot; the shot with which the poor man received his death-wound, corresponding with that remaining on the belt; the wound inflicted by the old man in his last struggle for life on the face of the tall murderer, and his dying declaration—all conspired to fix the crime on him; and amidst the shrieks of his distracted relatives, and the tears of the crowded court, my fine, my gallant boy, alone heard the dreadful sentence unmoved! With clasped hands and uplifted and tearless eyes, he appeared to look on the face of his merciful God with hope and confidence! Sir, there was not a dry eye in the court but that of the perjured wretch who swore away my poor boy's life!

"The time for preparation for his awful charge was short; but to him it seemed too long. The minister* was constantly with him, and declared he never met a more virtuous-minded youth. When the earl heard of my poor boy's condemnation, he ceased all his interest to procure a respite for a few days; but the judge's report was so strongly against the probability of the boy's innocence, that this favour was at first denied. But my dear lady, who never for a moment doubted it, immediately hurried to the *Lady Lieutenant*,† and by dint of tears and entreaties prevailed on her to obtain from his excellency the respite of one week; and this she saw sent instantly off to the sheriff by express. In the meantime that blessed lady had notices posted throughout the King's and Queen's county, Kildare, Meath, and Westmeath, offering two hundred guineas reward, from herself, any of the men concerned in the murder and outrage at Fox's, who would come forward and declare the whole truth! When

this was made known in Trim, and talked of in jail, Flaherty (who was allowed the run of the prison-yard) was detected in an attempt to escape; and, in consequence, he was closely confined and double-bolted. Suspicions against him having thus arisen, my poor boy's respite was extended to fourteen days. When that time expired, every preparation was made for his execution; and the eve of that awful day arrived which we thought was to snatch our innocent and murdered son from our arms for ever. But God was good to us in the eleventh hour! It having been reported in the jail that young Brennan was apprehended, and had confessed all, Flaherty was taken in strong fits, which never left him until death closed his miserable eyes. In his ravings he often accused himself of murder! He asked if poor innocent Robin had yet suffered; but appeared insensible to the consolation which the answer would have conveyed. He expired about daylight on the morning of the 10th of August, 1767; that day so often referred to in the poor thanksgiving you read, sir, when the Lord stretched forth his hand in mercy to the lowly and humble!

"The execution was again deferred by orders from the Castle. It was not young Brennan that had been apprehended, but his only brother, who, having been examined by the Privy Council, clearly proved my dear child's innocence, and explained, as he himself had done in his petition, how he became one of the murderous party.

"It was my ever honoured lady's proclamations that had wrought this miracle in our favour; and (Heaven guard and preserve her!) to render the blessing more valuable to us, she came down to the jail in her own coach-and-four, post-haste from Dublin, with the Lord Lieutenant's free pardon in her hand!

"But, O! captain dear," said the old man, clasping my hand, while a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, "it was not horses that drew her back again! No, sir! there was not a man, woman, or child, within ten miles, able to move, but rushed out of their cabins to lend their help to draw her in triumph through the county; and that blessed day will never be forgotten!

"My poor boy was carried in a chair through Trim, and all the neighbouring villages, and amidst the blessings of our friends, to our once more happy home. On

* Clergyman, in contradistinction to the priest.

† So the Lord Lieutenant's consort is termed, by the middling and lower classes in Ireland.

the next Sunday he appeared at Manor Rawdon Church, where the good Mr. Elliot blessed him from the pulpit, and in which every tongue joined. We then, sir, went to the chapel, where the priest, who was of the best of men, called him up to the altar; and after a long and affectionate exhortation to his flock, he pronounced the blessing of God and the Saviour upon him, in which upwards of a thousand sincere hearts and voices joined! He then sprinkled holy water upon his face and head, which my dear boy received with respect and humility, though he was the member of another church.

"We again thought of seeing happy days; but these, sir, were gone for ever! Without any visible illness, he day by day wasted; his handsome face was disfigured for ever; his tall and manly form was in a few months reduced to a poor skeleton. With his Bible under his arm, he would every day, when fine weather permitted,

walk to the church-yard in Manor Rawdon and there, sir, he would sit for hours wrapped in devotion. Not one hard word ever passed his lips towards mortal man for the ten months which God spared him to us after his melancholy trial; and the only smile that ever played on his lips during this sad and heavy time, was at that moment in which he surrendered up his spiritless soul into the hands of his Creator. 'But God giveth, and God taketh away blessed be his holy name!' My son was innocent!" A short mental prayer and copious flow of tears restored the venerable old man (now rendered doubly respectable in my eyes) to some degree of composure. "And now, sir," said he, "ought I not by day and by night, in the hovel or in the wilderness, in sickness, in health, in comfort, or in misery, invoke the choicest blessings of heaven on that angel woman who saved us!"

Music.

LILLA. *A Ballad, written, composed, and dedicated to the fair frequenters of Almacks.*
By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson. W. H. Aldridge, 264, Regent Street.

AN extremely tasteful production; of the poetry our readers shall form their own judgment, and with regard to the music, we beg they will receive our honest assurance that it is extremely pleasing, plaintive, and appropriate. The sweetness of the melody alone will be sufficient to ensure its universal popularity, but it may not be amiss to advert to the circumstance which gave rise to the composition of this ballad. It is founded on an occurrence which actually took place in fashionable life during the past season. A portrait of the faithless lover is given on the title page, to enable his fair admirers to shun the rock on which another's happiness has already suffered shipwreck. We of the Museum, who, enlisted in the cause of the fair, are ever anxious for their welfare, interests, and happiness, approve most highly of this admirable mode of punishing the heartless delinquent, and rejoice at the certainty of his likeness (one of the handsomest faces we remember to have seen) finding its way into every drawing-room in the united kingdom, to the utter exclusion of himself personally.

When Lilla was left by the youth she lov'd,
A smile of pride her cheek did borrow;
'Mid the happy and gay, in life's crowd
she mov'd,

But they knew not her bosom's cureless
sorrow!

The joy and delight of each festive scene,
Like bees round the rose-bud did fast
t'rounders hover;

She look'd on them all with a brow serene,
But mourn'd in her heart for her faithless
lover!

She liv'd with the happy, and laugh'd with
the gay,

But the grief of her soul grew worse for
concealing;

She revell'd the light hours in pleasure
away,

While the shaft of Despair her young
life was stealing.

In a bosom so gentle this never could last,
Brief was the time ere the struggle was
over;

For, like the bent lily, she sunk 'neath the
blast,

And breath'd her last sigh in a prayer for
her lover!

PATRIOTIC SONGS. *Dedicated by permission to the King. Written by Misses Agnes and Susannah Strickland. Composed by J. Green. Green, Soho Square.*

In our last we cursorily noticed this elegant volume, and we now, after fully examining it, proceed to express our opinion regarding it.

It is a book of modern genuine patriotic songs, the utility of which will readily be admitted. The words encourage the best British feelings, and the music Mr. Green has successfully made in every way appropriate to them. In explaining his views in

getting up this volume, he states, "If we have any national style, I conceive it to be characterised, like our own White Cliff, by a bold simplicity—occasionally like our Wooden Walls, full of energy and dignity.

"Such songs, in this way, produce the best effect at convivial meetings, and a short spirit-stirring chorus animates the whole company—for such purpose also the melody and harmony should be easy and familiar; and should it revive any associations, they should be of a corresponding character. I intend that in hearing these songs, musicians may be reminded of 'Rule Britannia,' 'Britons Strike Home,' the celebrated sailor's letter 'To all ye ladies now at land,' and some other old English airs.

"As there is nothing in the words, so there is nothing in the music to exclude them from the drawing-room.

"In the chorus of the 'Britannia's Wreath' will be discovered a weaving of snatches of patriotic, or rather national, songs."

We extract the following lines as a specimen of the poetry, and we are happy to be able to testify our entire satisfaction of the whole work.

THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

There is not a spot in this wide peopled earth,
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth—

'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot

Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot.

May the blessing of God

Ever hallow the sod;

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers, in accents unknown,

Send a thrill to the bosom like that of our own?

The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,

But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land!

There's no spot on earth

Like the home of our birth,

Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend

The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend;

Which taught us to lispen on our mother's soft breast,

The ballads she sang as she rocked us to rest.

May the blessing of God

Ever hallow the sod,

And its valleys and hills by our children be trod!

May old England long lift her white crest o'er the wave,

The birth-place of science, the home of the brave;

In her cities may peace and prosperity dwell,

May her daughters in beauty and virtue excel;

May their beauty and worth

Bless the land of their birth,

And heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

—
THE WANDERING BOY. *Written by Henry Kirke White. Composed by J. H. Cross.*
Purday, 45, High Holborn.

This is one of the sweetest and most touching ballads that has come under our notice; and we cannot do other than strongly recommend it to our fair readers; it is what a ballad should be—simple and elegant, and the melody and accompaniments are in perfect accordance with the poetry.

—
THE HARMONICON. *A Journal of Music for July.* London. Longman.

We have so often spoken in terms of praise of this excellent work, that we can scarce say more in favour of the present number than that it is in nowise inferior to all the preceding. There is apparent in every page a continuance of the same vigour, taste, and talent, and amongst the music, in particular, is found several very striking melodies. The principal original papers consist of *Memoirs of Andreas and Bernard Romberg*, a continuation of the notices of the Metropolitan Concerts, an extremely ingenious and useful *Chronicle of all the most celebrated Composers*, which enables the reader at one view to see the exact period in which they flourished, and a notice of *Signior Paganini*, which, whilst it fails not to appreciate the accomplishments of the performer, nevertheless is tempered with a moderation of praise, and a greater exhibition of discrimination than we remember to have seen in the many accounts that have been circulated elsewhere regarding him. In our last, we gave an original report of one of his concerts*, and canvassed in some degree the merits of his performance; and we will now make an extract from the "Harmonicon,"

* See page 40.

which entirely meets with our approbation, in order to furnish our readers who have not had the opportunity of hearing him, with the best possible notion regarding his abilities.

"It very rarely happens that when great hopes have been excited, the reality comes up to expectation. This is among the reasons why new performers of merit, whose appearance has been preceded by high encomiums, have so frequently failed, the point of excellence to which the indiscreet paragraphs of their ill-judging friends teach the public to look up, proving far beyond their attainment. The same observation applies to new dramas, operas, &c. The phrase, 'green-room report speaks in the highest terms,' has brought many a piece to an untimely end; for it is naturally supposed that that must possess extraordinary qualities which has been so commended, and as few things eventually deserve very high praise, disappointment is likely to follow with all its consequences. The long, laboured, reiterated articles relative to Paganini, in all the foreign journals for years past, have spoken of his powers as so astonishing, that we were quite prepared to find them fall far short of report; but his performance at his first concert, on the 3d of last month, convinced us that it is possible to exceed the most sanguine expectation, and to surpass what the most eulogistic writers have asserted. We speak, however, let it be understood, in reference to his powers of execution solely. These are little less than marvellous, and such as we could only have believed on the evidence of our own senses: they imply a strong natural propensity to music, with an industry, a perseverance, a devotedness, and also a skill in inventing means, without any parallel in the history of his instrument.

"The first wonder that struck us in the performance of Signor Paganini was, his simultaneous production of bowed and pizzicato notes. While the air employs his bow on the first string, he adds an accompaniment, in harmony of two and sometimes three notes, on the others, with such fingers and thumb as are not engaged in the legato passage.

"His harmonics are the next source of surprise. Besides the ordinary mode of producing them, he obtains a new series in an instant, by one single, sudden, dexterous turn of a peg, thus giving a different tension to his string. But this is not all; by making an artificial nut on any part of a string, which he does with apparent ease, he obtains a new generator, thus being enabled to command harmonics in every

scale, and almost unlimited in number; and these he plays in double notes—in thirds certainly, as also in sixths and octaves, if we are not mistaken. Double shakes he likewise executes in the harmonics.

"His performance on the fourth string, though by no means so astonishing, in our opinion, as what we have mentioned, is, nevertheless, a remarkable effort.

"The staccato of Paganini is more distinct, more crisp, than any we ever heard. It has in 'The Times' been thus described:—'He strikes the bow once on the string, and it seems to run by a tremulous motion over as many notes as he chooses to include in the staccato passage.' The bow acts, we will add, with the elasticity of a spring fixed at one end, and made to vibrate.

"All these are peculiar to himself; but in playing double notes of every kind, rapid arpeggios, chords, and whatever in the shape of difficult execution other performers have triumphed over, he is equally ready and perfect. His intonation, too, whether in double stops, high shifts, or harmonics, is unfailingly true. From all that we have said, therefore, it will be obvious that we think Paganini the most astonishing violinist that ever appeared. But whether we consider him the best is another matter, and a question to be entered into in our next, by which time the present rage will be a little abated, and the voice of calm enquiry may perhaps be listened to with patience and candour.

"Paganini's compositions, forming our judgment on those he has brought forward here, show him to be a good musician and a man of genius. They exhibit great boldness in search of effect, and many original traits; but these are more observable in the novel use he makes of his own and other instruments, than in his melodies, which though pleasing, are not remarkable for their newness, or in his harmonies, which bear little appearance of study, and indicate no great exertion of the inventive faculty."

The rest of the papers display the usual judgment and ability. The music consists of some spirited variations on "Sul Margine d'un rio," by Chaulieu; a Pot-pouri, on two favourite airs, in a new Opera, by Bellini; an andante movement, by A. F. Wustrow; a song "Forget thee my Susie," composed for the "Harmonicon," by Mrs. Millard (composer of "Alice Gray"), which is very tasteful and pretty; a beautiful ballad taken from the musical illustrations of the Waverley Novels, composed by Eliza Flower, and another by Mr. Haite, which is entitled to great praise.

Signor Lanza has been giving a series of subscription concerts at the New London Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. The third took place on Monday evening the 11th of July, and was numerous attended. The female vocalists, with the exception of Madame Stockhausen and Miss Bruce, consisted principally of Lanza's pupils. Madame Stockhausen gave one or two Swiss airs with her accustomed sweetness, accompanied on the harp by her husband; and Miss Bruce sang a MS. manuscript, composed by Lanza, with much

taste. A duet, on two harps, by Miss Bruguier and Mr. Lentz, was well received; likewise a capriuco on the piano-forte, by Mr. W. Holmes, and some brilliant variations on the violin, by Master Cooper. The little Regondi delighted the company by his execution on the guitar, upon a theme from Cenerentola; but the great treat of the evening was Mr. Purday's execution of Mr. Haynes Bayly's elegant ballad "He Passed!" which was rapturously encored, a compliment which the feeling and taste which he displayed fully entitled him to. The company was numerous and select.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last, Potier has taken his farewell benefit, and Madame Pasta has made her appearance in comedy. This last farce is an era in the history of the drama; and those who have fancied that one mighty genius could not bind in its wizard fetters the laughing muse of Comedy with her more mournful sister—those, in short, who have seen the proud, powerful, passionate Pasta in the midst of her soul's energy—amid scenes of sorrow—and have thought it impossible that the same being could put on the laughing look, and rich humour, and racy playfulness of comedy, have now been agreeably disappointed, and are ready to confess, with ourselves, that our favourite Pasta is as genuine and effective in the one as she is heart-stirring and majestic in the other. The piece performed was the *Centenaire*; and Potier was as exquisite and irresistible as we ever remember to have seen him. Lablache, Curioni, and Santini, were very effective in their performances.

The opera of *Anna Boleyn* has also been performed at this theatre with complete success. We cannot say that we think much of it ourselves, but it is supported with some very excellent music, and, with the assistance of Pasta and Rubini, the latter of whom has great opportunities of displaying his fine tenor voice to advantage, in the part of *Lord Percy*, will doubtless run to the close of the season. Laporte took his benefit in a series of performances which afforded us a fine treat, as, in addition to the performers whom we have named above, he was backed by the talents of Potier, the Taglioni, and Lablache.

HAYMARKET.

A new comedy, *The School for Coquettes*, was produced at this theatre on Thursday, the 14th ult. with complete success. It is

the work of Mrs. Gore, a lady whose literary talents are, we trust, placed beyond the power of doubt. Her comedy possesses great merit, considered in a relative point of view. As far as the dialogue, good writing, and some genuine touches of observation and delicacy are concerned, we have no fault to find. But the drama is defective as an acting play—there is no novelty either in character or incident; the action, which flags at the beginning, is hurried over in the last act, and there is little skill in the conduct of the plot. However, it is a very creditable production, especially in this age of French translations. The public papers have praised the acting, especially that of Brindal, in *Lord Potter*; but with all due deference both to these papers and the actor, we will say that there was never a caricature among lords such as *Lord Potter* is represented; and those who have seen Abbott act a similar part in the comedy of the *Exquisites*, will perceive a material difference in favour of that gentleman's conception of a real aristocratic dandy. Farren, Miss Taylor, and Mrs. Glover performed in their usual style of excellence. The epilogue, by Mr. Bulwer, was smart, sometimes witty, and was extremely well delivered by the heroine of the comedy.

An attempt has lately been made by Miss Taylor to assume the character of *Juliet*, but she was quite unequal to the task. The tragedy, indeed, was altogether a failure; with the exception of Vining as *Mercutio*, and Mrs. Glover in the part of the *Nurse*, (who were all that could be desired,) the whole cast was wretched. A more unlover-like *Romeo* than Cooper can scarcely be conceived. We had hoped, ere this, that he would have had the good sense to give the part up, since he has received abundant notice of his total unfitness for it.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE—ADELPHI.

No man connected with the stage deserves more of public patronage than Mr. Arnold—no man has studied more to afford them pleasant pastime for their summer evenings—and no man has been more successful in his endeavours, or more unfortunate in his own speculations. We, therefore, cannot help regretting that he should be put to the inconvenience of a theatre like the Adelphi, which is manifestly too small for his benefit; but, while we hope to see him established in a more lordly domain of his own, we cannot help giving him our highest approbation for the very spirited manner in which he struggles against difficulty, and essays, with a good company, to counterbalance the defects of a small house. All the novelties of the present season have not been so successful as we could have wished; indeed, the *Feudal Lady*, though containing some beautiful writing, may be considered a failure; and we conceive that the *Haunted Hulk* is chiefly indebted for its support to the good acting of Smith and Reeves. It contains, however, some very effective scenery. *Old and Young* has been revived at this theatre with complete success, and little Miss Poole acts the part of many nephews with charming naïveté. But the most pleasing performance at the English Opera, and that which, we are happy to say, went off with immense éclat, is Mr. Bernard's new operetta, entitled *Old Regimentals*. In this piece Mr. Perkins acts the part of *Charles Asmodeus* in a manner most creditable to his talents, and we are led to believe, from his past performances and future promise, that we shall yet see him a leading scion of the histrionic art. We have no room to detail the plot of this very deserving and successful operetta, but we may say that it reflects credit on Mr. Bernard, and is rendered extremely interesting by the good acting of Reeves, Bartley, O. Smith, and Harriet Cawse, "Who sings as fairies do beneath the moon."

We believe Mr. Arnold has other novelties in preparation, from the pens of Peake, Trueba, the talented author of the *Exquisites*, and other dramatists of note. We sincerely wish him every success.

THE SURREY.

Little did we think when we were last month praising the performances of Mr. Elliston, that we should so soon have the melancholy task to record his decease. This gentleman was for many years one of the most distinguished ornaments of the

stage, and our reminiscences of him only increase the sorrow we feel, in common, we are sure, with a large portion of the public, in the reflection that the talents which have so often delighted us, in moments of relaxation, will, in future, exist only in the memory of his admirers, and in the imperfect description of the pen. Mr. Elliston expired at half-past six on Friday morning, July 7, after a short, but severe, illness. It is stated that he was in his 58th year, but we have reason to think he was older.

Every one acquainted with the stage for the last thirty years, a period during which it has boasted many splendid actors and actresses—among them John Kemble, John Bannister, Munden, Lewis Quick, George Frederick Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, &c. all of whom, with many others, are now gathered to their fathers—will rank Mr. Elliston as an actor worthy of a niche in the same temple in which the most famous of his contemporaries have obtained a place. To enumerate the characters in which his performances have set criticism at defiance, and in several of which he had no equal, would exceed our present time and limits. But we may mention a few of his principal parts. He was particularly eminent in *Ranger*, *Rover*, the *Three Singles*, *Vapid*, *Young Rapid*, *Doricourt*, *Walter*, (in the *Children in the Wood*), *Young Wilding*, *Duke Aranza*, *Octavian*, *Colonel Feignwell*, *Sheva*, &c. &c. After the failure of Mr. John Kemble in the *Iron Chest*, the piece was revived for the purpose of giving Mr. Elliston an opportunity of trying his powers in the principal character, *Sir Edward Mortimer*. His success in the experiment was complete, and the play has remained a stock one ever since. On the opening of the present Drury Lane Theatre, after the late building was destroyed by fire, he appeared on the first night as *Hamlet*; but in this part he was less perfect than in many others. His versatility of talent was great, as must be evident from the list we have given, and which might be greatly lengthened, but to which we will add only two more characters, quite different from each other—those of *Sir John Falstaff* and *Macheath*, in the former of which he was admirable, and in the latter, though not much of a vocalist, the attempt was by no means discreditably to his reputation. Mr. Elliston's musical taste was excellent, his ear very correct, and at the rehearsal of any new musical composition, exhibited considerable knowledge of the science.

Mr. Elliston, previous to his appearance in the metropolis, was one of the greatest favourites that ever, perhaps, graced the Bath stage, when that city was decidedly

the focus of all the rank, fashion, taste, and elegance in the kingdom. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and was intended for holy orders, but an early propensity for the drama changed his destiny.

We have spoken of him as an actor; he also for some time officiated as manager of Drury Lane, (of which he was lessee;) and of late years at the Surrey, of which he became proprietor. At the former, it will be remembered, he was unsuccessful; but in the latter arena his efforts were attended with abundant recompense, and he certainly gave universal satisfaction.

Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, knew that his private habits were social, convivial, and friendly. In the early part of his life his conversation was at all times an exquisite treat, and even till within a short period of his death he was frequently animated, sparkling, and full of anecdote. At these times it was impossible to be in his company and not regret the moment of separation. And the writer of this article has frequently borne witness to his great kindness and urbanity. But we are obliged to conclude this hasty and brief sketch of a man who will always be reckoned one of the best actors of lively and genteel comedy that ever appeared on the British boards.

The theatre is continued on by Mr. Elliston, jun.; and as we hope, so do we believe that his endeavours to please will be attended with success.

Mr. Horn has lately appeared here in several popular operas, and the singing of himself and Miss Somerville has rendered them extremely effective. We are happy to see our little friend Williams has not gone over to the Haymarket this summer. His acting is of the most sterling descrip-

tion, and we know of no performer in the present day who can at all equal him in many parts he is in the habit of sustaining. A Mr. Elton, who has just been engaged here, is an extremely clever actor, and has lately appeared, together with Mr. Osbaldeston, in many excellent tragedies.

THE COBOURG.

Mr. Davidge has of late contrived, most successfully, to rescue the Cobourg from the disrepute into which it was once properly held in the estimation of the public, by the most praiseworthy exertions in producing a constant succession of interesting and cleverly-written novelties, and the engagement of actors of real talent. Mr. Kean's performances were productive of the most plentiful returns to the treasury, and the audiences have been extremely select. Since Mr. Kean's secession a variety of entertaining new pieces have been produced, several of which have been extremely successful. In addition to these, we have been presented with the revival of several old deservedly-popular favourites, and amongst others, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* has been much applauded. The actors of this establishment are many of them far above mediocrity, and the worthy manager, and Messrs. Searle, Cobham, Gray, and others, really worthy of appearing before the most critical audience in the kingdom. We are informed that further engagements are in contemplation, and a constant succession of clever pieces in active preparation. If an ardent desire to please, and a liberal expenditure, entitle a manager to success, then assuredly Mr. Davidge deserves, and, we trust, will continue to experience it.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

WE are happy to continue our usual report of their Majesties' health, which was never better. The 1st instant has been fixed on for the opening of the new London Bridge, which ceremony will be honoured by the presence of the King and Queen. Their Majesties will embark at Whitehall in the royal barge, meet the procession at the foot of the bridge, and immediately on the termination of the ceremony, partake of a cold collation, and return in the same manner, and by the same route. The citizens, however, who always like to "make the most of a good thing," purpose concluding the day's entertainment with a grand ball, under an awning on the bridge, to which most of the nobility and gentry have been invited.

The proceedings in Parliament have all turned on one point—the Reform question—a subject of which we are growing absolutely sick—it is discussed bit by bit, and both parties display a vigilance and determination which render it probable that some time will yet elapse before the question is disposed of even in the Commons. The ministerial force in the Upper House is, it is said, about to be augmented by the creation of thirty new Peers.

The coronation is fixed to take place on the 8th of next month—a great portion of the ceremony is to be dispensed with—the proceedings will merely consist of the usual coronation service in Westminster Abbey; the splendid festival and brilliant entertainments which delighted the metropoli-

tans in 1821, are still fresh in our memory, and we deeply regret that (in our opinion) a mistaken idea of economy should have induced his Majesty's ministers to dispense with them on the present occasion.

Two persons of some note have this month paid the debt of nature, Mr. Thos. Roscoe, the elegant and accomplished poet, and that far-famed comedian, R. W. Elliston.

The King of the French has opened the Chambers with a long speech, by which it seems that the murderous slaughter of the gallant Poles is likely to be shortly stayed. All classes unite in sincere wishes that these brave fellows may free themselves from the iron yoke of Russia—they had reason to complain, and their conduct proves them to be worthy of liberty.

Leopold (now king of Belgium) has in part resigned his 50,000*l.* per annum during his sovereignty—the property at Claremont is to be kept in order, the pensioners of the late lamented Charlotte and himself are to receive their allowances as usual, and the balance of his annuity is then to be paid into the Treasury.

The session of Parliament has extended to such an immoderate length this year, that many of the fashionables have determined on sojourning in London until the ensuing season.

The Duke of Sussex has directed that all dogs seen wandering about Hyde Park shall be killed. The order at first excited among the exquisites the greatest possible alarm—but application having been made on the subject by Lords Harborough and Ellenborough, it was stated in reply that the order did not extend to puppies.

The second number of the "New Sporting Magazine," (a pleasant, spirited periodical, devoted to the cause of horse, horseman, and dog,) is gemmed with a matchless connubial advertisement. The insertion has been evidently paid for; but a shilling or two more ought to have been added by

the tender Tally-ho, as a fee to the editor for a supervise of the sportsman's love-style. The innamorato is flushed with ardour and woodcocks, but is not grammatical. From the postscript, we should guess him to be the author of "the Exclusives." A *fer-hunter* to object to red hair is wrong. We only hope the advertisement will meet the eye of some good honest grizzly negro-woman, who, having "good humour, a small (black) foot, and an easy set on horse-back," would be qualified either to render the Cupid in yellow leathers happy, or to bring her action for breach of promise, in case of his raising any new cause of objection, or refusing a "real application" under any colour or pretence. The following is the delectable *morceau* of the middle-aged Adonis of "sportsman-like manners," who is desponding in "one of the principal hunting countries." We trust the ladies will at once send in their tenders, and not linger in doubtful love till they will be only "in at the death!" It is a splendid burst! Hark to Jowler!

MATRIMONY.

A gentleman residing in one of the principal hunting countries, of middle age, and sportsman-like manners, is desirous of uniting himself to a lady possessing a passion for field sports. *Fortune or beauty* are not the object of the advertiser—the former, if any, may be settled upon the lady, and as to the latter, though not an objection, it nevertheless is not a primary object. *Good humour, a small foot, and an easy set on horse-back*, are the principal qualifications required. As this is the advertisement of a fox, and not a fortune, hunter, it is hoped that no one will answer it out of idle curiosity. Every respect will be paid to real applications, addressed to X. Y. Z., 47, Paternoster-row, London, and the utmost secrecy may be relied upon.

P.S. *None with red hair need apply.*

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A white muslin dress, the *corsage* made low, but not extremely so, and square behind; there is a double front, one high and square, the other in crossed drapery; both are embroidered at the edge. The sleeves are à la Marie. A fall of richly embroidered muslin, which forms jockeys on the shoulders, goes round the back of the bust. The skirt is finished with a deep embroidery round the border. Hat of white *moire*, trimmed on the inside of the brim next the face with very broad white gauze riband, disposed in deep flutings. Knots of gauze

riband, edged with blond lace, ornament the crown. Blue gauze scarf. Ceinture and bracelets of blue *moire*.

WALKING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress; a white ground with perpendicular wreaths of foliage, interspersed with bouquets of violets. Plain *corsage*, and sleeves of the *peignoir* form. The *canezou* is of jaconot muslin; it is made à draperies, with rounded ends, descending about half a quarter below the waist, and a standing collar, which, as well as the draperies and ends, is richly embroidered. There is also a single detached bouquet,

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CARRIAGE DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

Engraved expressly for the Ladies' Museum, New and Improved Series, August 1837

embroidered in the centre of the back and bust. Rice straw bonnet, of a new shape, trimmed with a bouquet of exotics, and knots of lilac and white gauze ribands. Cravat of riband to correspond.

MORNING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, flowered in a new chintz pattern. A plain *corsage* of a three-quarter height, and sleeve of the *demi gigot* form. *Canezou en cœur* of jaconet muslin, with a double *revers*, the first cleft upon the shoulder, the second forming under *mancherons*, falling very low upon the sleeve, and cut upon the shoulder in *lozenges*. Falling collar, sustained round the throat by a band and neck-knot of pale rose-coloured gauze riband. The whole of the *canezou* is embroidered in a light running pattern. Morning cap of white *tulle*, of what is called the *capote* shape, profusely ornamented with knots and bands of pale pink gauze riband.

OPERA DRESS.

A dress of citron-coloured *gros de Naples*, printed in detached sprigs of foliage; the *corsage* is made *en demi redingote*, with cleft *mancherons*. The form of the sleeve is between the *Medicis* and the *gigot*. *Chemisette* of white silk *tulle*, cut square, and finished with an embroidery round the top. White crape hat, trimmed on the inside of the brim with a bouquet of corn flowers and ripe ears of corn. Corn flowers, placed in different directions, ornament the crown. The *brides*, which hang loose, are of silk *tulle*. The *Ferronière*, ear-rings, and bracelets, are of gold and rubies.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

White dresses are not so generally adopted as those of silk or printed muslin, in promenade dress, but they are nevertheless worn by some elegant women. The border is generally decorated with that kind of open embroidery called French work, and if the dress is worn with a *canezou*, it must correspond. If a shawl or scarf is used instead of a *canezou*, then the collar of the *chemisette* is worked in the same pattern as the dress.

China crape shawls of very rich patterns are partially worn, but gauze scarfs or broad gauze ribands, disposed in the cravat style with *canezous*, are much more in favour. We have seen also a few light shawls of the *baréges* kind, worn by genteel women, but their price is so moderate, that they are not likely to become fashionable.

Bonnets of the drawn kind remain the same size as in the beginning of the season; those made of plaided *gros de Naples*, and simply trimmed with riband to correspond, disposed in a couple of light bows in front of the crown, and one behind, are very

appropriate for walking dress. Those that have not the brims drawn are smaller, but in a very trifling degree. Some are decorated with flowers, others with ribands only. A pretty style of trimming consists of two light long bows placed on one side of the crown, and a half wreath of foliage, composed of riband, coming from the back of the crown on one side of the brim.

Blond lace is very much used for trimming carriage bonnets, but in a novel manner; curtains, veils, and draperies on the crowns being very little seen, but the inside of the brim is decorated with blond lace, set on with some fulness, narrow on one side and broad on the other next the face; an ornament composed of cut riband is mingled with the fulness of the blond. A drapery also of blond lace is attached to one side of the crown. It falls partly over the brim, and partly stands up in front of the crown, and is mingled with light sprigs of flowers. A very full bow of gauze ribands is placed close to that part of the drapery that stands up, and a band which partially crosses the crown, terminates in a small flat bow behind. Besides watered *gros de Naples*, and crimped satin, which are very much in favour for carriage bonnets, we have seen some composed of open straw and gauze ribands, striped alternately in a bias direction, and the gauze ribands set in full, the edge is finished by a twisted *rouleau* of gauze riband, another goes round the bottom of the crown, in the centre of which is a rosette of gauze riband, from which rises a long light sprig of rose buds.

The materials of dinner dress have not altered, but we have some little change to notice in the make of gowns, several of the new ones having the front formed in the corset style, that is to say with a piece let in, in full folds, on each breast; the *corsage* is cut square, and rather high across the bosom and back, but low on the shoulders. Short sleeves are also more generally adopted in dinner dress, and they are considerably reduced in size.

Head-dresses composed of an open caul, formed by *rouleaus* either of satin or gauze riband, and a front turned up in the hat style, and composed of blond lace, are very fashionable in dinner dress. They are trimmed either with ostrich feathers or *esprits*. We have seen a few also trimmed with flowers, which were mounted upon long slender stalks, and had a very light and pretty effect.

A new kind of brocaded gauze of a very light but rich description, is coming much into favour in evening dress; one of the prettiest dresses we have lately seen was composed of it. The *corsage*, open from the waist before and behind, displayed a rich

blond lace *chemisette*. The *béret* sleeves were surmounted by a row of blond lace, arranged in the form of a shell. The skirt was trimmed with a row of rich plain gauze, disposed in drapery, and each of the points, which reached nearly to the knee, adorned with a rose surrounded by buds and foliage.

Fashionable colours are light blue, grass green, lavender bloom, cowslip, and rose-colour.

MODES DE PARIS.

Silks are still fashionable in promenade dress, though not so much so as printed muslins and fancy materials. Some dresses are made in the *redingote* style, others, and these last are most numerous, have the *corsage* half high, with a pelerine of the same material. Some pelerines are of a round shape, and edged with a full fall of trimming of the same material, or else a silk fancy trimming, if the dress is of silk. Others are made with ends which reach half way to the knee, and are rounded at the corners; these last are variously decorated, some are cut in scollops, or *dents*, and others edged with light silk guimp.

Bonnets of what is called the English cottage shape still continue in favour, and it is now supposed will not change before next winter. Those with square brims are the most fashionable for the promenade. Morning bonnets are trimmed with riband only. They have a very large cockade placed in front of the crown; it is composed of bows without ends, the *brides* descend from the cockade in a sloping direction on each side, and tie under the chin; the crown is frequently encircled with two or three bands of riband, and if the bonnet is of Leghorn or rice straw, the curtain at the back of the crown must be of riband.

Those for the public promenades are made in a much more dressy style; if they are of silk, the inside of the brim is adorned with blond lace, and several have the crown trimmed with ornaments of the drapery kind, edged with blond lace, and so arranged as to stand up on each side of the front, something in the form of wings. Others are decorated with bouquets of flowers, which issue from knots or cockades of riband, and some are trimmed with ornaments which resemble flowers or foliage, and are composed of riband only.

Plain *gros de Naples* of fancy colours, is now the favourite material in half dress, although printed muslins, *foulards du Ben-*

gale, *palmyriennes*, and several other fancy materials, are fashionable. The *corsages* of these dresses are made à la *Vierge*, the sleeve sets nearly tight to the forepart of the arm, but is still larger than last month at the top. An embroidery in silk, of the same colour as the dress, goes round the border, just above the hem; it represents either a Grecian pattern, or else a wreath of flowers, and is always very broad.

Canezons of embroidered tulle or muslin are more than ever worn in half dress, and are indeed its principal distinction, for there is nothing novel in the form of gowns, and very few are trimmed. Those *canezons* embroidered in *chevrons*, or in columns, are considered most *distingué*; they are no longer made with sleeves, but have always a trimming *en mancheron* on the shoulders, which falls very low.

The balls of Tivoli and St. Cloud are not this year so well attended as usual. We see, however, some very elegant half dress *toilettes*. The prettiest are those of white or coloured *organdy*, with a *corsage* cut half high, and finished *en pelerine* with the same material, edged with a narrow soft silk fringe, if the dress is coloured; but if it is white, a *ruche* of blonde *de fil* is employed. The sleeve, very wide at the upper part, and moderately so at the lower, is confined to the arm above the elbow, half way to the wrist, and at the wrist by bands of printed riband, with fancy jewellery clasps. The *cinture*, which is tied at the side in bars, with long floating ends, corresponds with this riband in pattern, but is double the breadth. The skirt is trimmed either with two deep tucks, or a light embroidery round the border.

The bonnets for these balls are either of crape or rice straw; they are of the *capote* shape, but with rounded brims. Those of rice straw are trimmed with flowers and gauze riband. Those of crape are frequently finished round the edge of the brim with a tress of yellow straw. The crown, which is of the helmet shape, is trimmed with tresses of straw, disposed in the shape of a cross. A full knot of riband, and a light bouquet of flowers, is placed on the side of the crown.

The colours most in favour are azure blue, all the lighter shades of green, red-lilac, fawn colour, and different shades of rose colour and yellow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Wendover, the lady of Abel Smith, Esq. M.P. of a daughter. Edinburgh, Mrs. F. H. Yates, of a son.

DEATH.

At Hillingdon, Middlesex, the Right Hon. Lady K. Walpole, daughter of the first Earl of Orford, in her 82d year.